DO LOVERS MEET TOO OFTEN? (See Page 415.)

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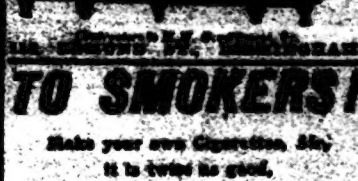

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JUDICIOUS FLATTERY.

"PRISONER, have you anything to say on your own behalf?"

"Only this, my lord. It comforts me to know that one wise man on the bench can undo much of the mischief wrought by twelve idiots in the jury-box."

Whereupon the judge gave him a light sentence.

SHE: "Do you remember before we were married, dear——"

HE: "Why, it's among my happiest recollections."

"MR. BROWN, I owe you a grudge, remember that."

"I shall not be frightened, then, for I never knew you to pay anything that you owed."

THE OBEDIENT TYPINE.

THE chief was cross that morning and was venting his wrath on the pretty young lady who manipulated the typewriter.

"Everything is in confusion on my desk," he said testily. "It always is."

"You insist that you don't want anything disturbed there," she responded meekly.

"Well, I don't want my papers disturbed, but I don't want this sheet of postage-stamps left there."

"Where shall I put them?" she inquired demurely as she took them up.

"Don't ask so many questions," he snapped. "Put them anywhere out of my sight."

"Very well, sir," she cooed as softly as a dove.

And licking them with her pretty red tongue she stuck the sheet on his bald head and walked out to seek a new situation.

HE: "I hear that you're engaged."

She: "Oh, that was a fortnight ago—last night we agreed to disengage!"

DENTIST: "I think I'll have to remove the nerve."

Patient: "Don't do that, doctor; I'm an insurance agent, and need all the nerve I've got."

A NEAT TRICK.

FROM the railway station of a certain country town emerged a sharp-eyed young man, evidently a stranger to the place, for he glanced curiously around him as he pressed from the courtyard into the main street.

"Fly, sir?" was the eager question of several drivers of those rural vehicles which were ranged along the kerb. The young man shook his head impatiently, and was about to pass on, when his attention was arrested by the gleam of something in the corner of the cushioned seat of one of the carriages. A second glance showed him that it was the clasp of a rusty-looking old purse, evidenty left by some recent occupant.

Fixing the driver with his eye, he inquired the fare to a street at the other end of the town.

"'Ar? a crown, sir."

"Right, drive ahead," was the reply, and the young man jumped in, glancing furtively around as he did so.

At the end of the journey—an extremely short one—he descended with a disgusted expression, and, handing the driver his fare, walked rapidly away.

The flyman gazed after him with a grin, and then, turning in his seat, reached down and picked up the purse, which still lay on the cushion, although not in the place it had occupied at first. As he turned it admiringly over in his fingers, showing that it was not only empty, but almost falling to pieces with age, he murmured:

"That's about the tenth fare this old purse has brought me since I picked it up."

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BY THE SILVER RIVER.

Telling of the Song it Sang at Morning, Noon, and Twilight.

Where the silver river rippled
Past a garden still and fair,
Stood at morn a little maiden,
With the sunshine on her hair;
And the birds were singing softly,
And the garden gay with light,
But she could not hear the music,
And she saw no sunshine bright;
To that lonely little maiden,
As she watched the rippling tide,
All the summer flowers were scentless,
And the river only sighed!

It was noontide by the river,
And the garden was so fair,
With the summer light upon it,
And the little maid was there!
And a score of birds were piping
Where at morn there had been one,
And the fickle breezes whispered
To the green leaves in the sun!
But that lonely little maiden
Saw no sunshine far and wide;
Every breeze was murm'ring sadly,
And the river only sighed!

It is twilight by the river,
And adown its rippling breast
Comes a boat, as dies the sunset
In the distant golden west;
Though the rippling stream is sighing,
And the song of birds is done,
To that listening little maiden
Earth is fair with song and sun,
She is there alone no longer,
And the stars may shine above,
But her world is full of sunlight,
And the river sings of love!

PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE.

IN a country village not far from Newcastle, a farmer was busy superintending the threshing of a stack of corn, when a man came up to him and asked if he could give him a job.

"Have you ever done any threshing before?" inquired the farmer.

"Done any threshing," replied the man; "wey, I'm a father of sixteen children!"

"YES," he said, "I got my looks from my mother and my brains from my father."

"I'm sorry you told me this," she said.

"Why?"

"Because it gives me the impression that your parents were painfully lacking in generosity to their only child."

"BALL tells me that, although he has inherited a fortune, he sets his alarm-clock for six in the morning just the same as ever."

"Habit, eh?"

"No; he says he likes to wake up and enjoy the sensation of not having to get up to go to work."

HE looked at the porcupine thoughtfully for quite a long time.

"I wish I had that," he remarked at last.

"What would you do with it?" his father asked.

"Take it to school," he answered promptly. "It would be a lot better than a bent pin, and I never did like our teacher anyway."

NEVER AGAIN.

SHE: "Didn't I tell you not to propose to me again?"

He: "You said something of the kind, but, of course, it made no impression on me."

She: "Oh, it didn't! Well, I'll give you a lesson now that you won't forget. You'll never propose to me again."

He: "What are you going to do?"

She: "I'm going to accept you."

HE (showing his country cousin a portrait in his art gallery): "What do you think of my old master?"

She: "Pleasant face the old gentleman has—how long did you study with him?"

HE: "We had best elope about two in the morning. I will bring my motor to the next corner, and——"

She: "Oh, couldn't you make it a little earlier, dear? Pa and ma do so want to see us off, and I don't like to keep them up so late."

THE AUTOMATIC BURGLAR.

"WILLIAM," said Mrs. Hawkins in an awed whisper, "there are burglars in the flat—I just heard them."

"Oh, I think not, my dear," replied William sleepily; "but if you wish it I'll go and see."

And he got up and made an investigation.

"Well?" said Mrs. Hawkins when he had returned.

"You were right, my dear. We are being robbed."

"Being robbed?"

"Yes. What you heard was the gas-meter. It was registering gas like a cyclometer, and clicking away like all possessed, though there isn't a jet burning anywhere about."

FEATHERSTONE: "I wish you would come and help me select a new suit, old man."

Ringway: "I don't believe my taste is any better than yours."

Featherstone (hopefully): "No; but your credit is."

MOTHER (reading): "A Western inventor has just patented a machine that will toss a man five hundred feet into the air by simply touching a spring."

Pretty daughter: "Goodness gracious! Let me destroy that paper before papa gets hold of it."

UNDER THE APPLE BLOSSOMS.

"How sweet, how pure they are!" she said, breathing in the fragrance of the apple blossoms on the branch he bent down for her.

"Like your—like a maiden's love," he added, with designed sentimentality.

"And how quickly they wither and come to naught—another similarity," she said, with malice aforethought heading him off.

"Or turn hard and sour, and fill us with pain and anguish if, like silly little boys, we think we like them," he amended, grimly, aware of her object.

For half a second she looked into his scowling eyes with a relenting twinkle growing in her own.

"But if we have a little patience they grow sweet and wholesome again, and—and delicious for domestic uses—pies, for instance," she whispered, between a laugh and a sigh.

The scowl turned into a bewildered stare. Then Providence sent him a spark of intelligence.

"Mabel," he cried, eagerly, seizing her hands, "Mabel, I adore apple pies."

"And—and Jack, I make very good ones," she murmured demurely.

And then—all the apple blossoms flushed a delicate pink.

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The Recollections of a Governess.

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Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," etc., etc.

A STRANGE CLUE.

I COULD not always obtain a situation as a governess, but when such was wanting I advertised myself as a companion. In this way I came into the company of Sophia Vaughan. She lived with her mother at Arden Oaks, near Christchurch, in Hants. The girl was delicate, and my duties included a certain amount of nursing. Before I saw Sophia, Mrs. Vaughan gave an account of the way in which the girl's illness arose.

"A shock, you know, Miss Starr," said she, in her slow, precise way. "At the age of twelve Sophia accidentally saw the dead body of her father, who was murdered. My husband was in the library after dinner on a summer's evening. I was reading in the drawing-room. Sophia, being fond of her father, got out of her crib, and stole down to see him. When she opened the door, my poor husband was lying dead near his desk. A man was bending over him, but when he saw the child he dashed out of the window.

"Sophia then found that her father was dead, and, screaming wildly, fell down in a fit. I came and the servants. We then discovered that Mr. Vaughan had been strangled. Round his neck was a scarf of Eastern manufacture. He had been choked. The assassin was never discovered."

"He was the man your daughter saw?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Mrs. Vaughan placidly, "but he could not be traced. I believe Mr. Vaughan had arranged to see someone in the library on that evening, but I never knew who it was. Sophia was ill for a long time, and ever since then she has been delicate. I am glad to say that her memory of the terrible scene is never aroused, save by one thing. Do you use scent, Miss Starr?"

"Sometimes," I replied, puzzled by the odd question.

"Then please don't. There is a certain scent which always recalls to Sophia's memory that terrible death. And I——"

It was at this point Sophia entered the room, and I lost the conclusion of Mrs. Vaughan's speech.

Sophia was a charming young lady, and very clever. She liked me, and we got on excellently, walking, working, and visiting together. One day she said she had a lover.

"In fact, I have two," she explained, looking up from her painting. "One is an officer in the Army, and the other is rich enough to do nothing. I like Will Derry best."

"Which of the two is he?"

"The Army Captain. He is a distant cousin of mine, and is supposed to be the black sheep of the family. He is very handsome, but his face reminds me of someone," she added musingly. "I can't say who."

"Do you love him?"

Sophia looked up with a bright smile on her sweet face.

"I really think I do," she replied gaily. "You see, I heard so much about his wickedness, that I was quite prepared to like him. When he appeared, and I saw him for the first time, his face was so handsome, and his manners so winning, that I took to him at once. Mr. Howard is not half so charming."

"He is the other lover?"

"Yes," she replied carelessly. "Unpleasant, dark sort of man, with wicked eyes—at least, they always appear wicked to me, though I believe he is a very meritorious person, and very rich. He lives in Oakley Grange, four miles away, and is coming over here to-day. He's just returned from the Continent."

"Which of the two will you choose?"

"Will, I think. He is poor, but I am rich. Mr. Howard has enough money without my adding my fortune to his; besides, he has such tastes."

"What kind of tastes?" I asked curiously.

"Criminal tastes," was her odd reply. "He likes talking of murders and such like things. I hate to hear him talk. If you knew"—she stopped.

"I know, Sophia. Your mother told me."

She rose and pressed her hands to her eyes, as though shutting out some horrid vision. "Shall I ever forget it?" she said in a low voice. "The room was in darkness, and only a thin shaft of moonlight shone through the window. It revealed clearly the face of the man who was bending over my father, the man who killed him."

"Would you remember him?" I asked.

She looked at me vaguely. "I can hardly say," she faltered. "My memory is confused by the illness I had. I remember the kneeling figure, and the moonlight, and the scent. Oh!" she threw up her hands with a shudder, "the scent on the scarf round his throat. Hiku!"

"Is that the name of the scent?"

"So it was stated at the inquest. A Japanese scent. The scarf was of Japanese manufacture. No, I can't remember the face," she went on to herself, "but if the perfume of the scent was in my nostrils, I might recall it. I have never used scent since that time."

"Don't think any more of this terrible thing, Sophia," I said. "We have to drive over to see Mrs. Jeffcott to-day."

Sophia's face changed at once. "I forgot, and I'm so glad we are going. I love Mrs. Jeffcott. Such a kind woman."

"H'm!" said I doubtfully, not admiring Mrs. Jeffcott overmuch myself. She was too old to flirt as she did, and art could not make up for the lack of youth.

"Oh, but she is sweet," went on Sophia, noting my disapproval. "When I was ill after that murder, she sent over Catherine to nurse me, and Catherine has remained with me ever since. I thank Mrs. Jeffcott for her if for nothing else."

I liked Catherine, who was a stout, motherly old creature, devoted to Sophia.

"But who is Mrs. Jeffcott?" I asked, as we put on our hats.

"A widow," said Sophia. "Her husband was an Indian Colonel, who married her in Bombay. Then he died and left her a lot of money. She came to stop at Arden Oaks a year after I was born, and was a great friend of my father's. Afterwards they quarrelled, and I believe Mrs. Jeffcott never called again."

Mrs. Vaughan refused to go over to see Mrs. Jeffcott. "I don't like her," she said obstinately. "Mr. Vaughan did, but I never." However, she did not mind Sophia visiting the lady.

Mrs. Jeffcott was a tall, stately woman, of what is called a Junoesque appearance. She was over forty, but was not averse to flirting with young men, which I thought very silly.

"How sweet of you to come, darling," said she, kissing Sophia effusively, "and Miss Starr, too. How do you do, Miss Starr? You shall have your reward, dear"—this was to Sophia again—"come forth, you two."

This she said laughing, and from the alcove of the window appeared two men. One was fair and handsome, the other dark, and, although not bad-looking, he had a sinister appearance. The fair one was presented to me as Captain Derry, and the other I guessed to be Mr. Howard. "And just fancy, my dear," gushed Mrs. Jeffcott, "Captain Derry is stopping with Mr. Howard."

"We met on the Continent," said Will brightly, his eyes on Sophia's face, "and he asked me to stop with him for a week."

"Or as long as you like," said Mr. Howard, with a strange smile. "I wish to get up tableaux vivants, and you must assist, Derry."

"Oh," Sophia clapped her hands. "How delightful! Let me appear."

"You were to be asked," said Howard, also devouring her face with his ardent eyes. "You can be queen of the revels, if you like."

The other man frowned, and I then thought it strange that the rivals should be housed under the same roof. Mrs. Jeffcott saw my face, and guessed the reason.

"It's a case of the lion, Derry, lying down with the lamb, Howard," she whispered to me.

"I should rather call Mr. Howard the lion," said I, looking at the strong face of the man.

"Oh, no! Captain Derry is as brave as a dozen lions. I have known him for years."

"In India?"

She frowned. "No," was her reply, and made coldly. "I met Sophia's father in India, but I never met Captain Derry. It was here I made his acquaintance."

"Here?" I said in surprise. "Why, Sophia told me that he never came to Arden Oaks till a year ago."

"He was here many years ago, when Sophia was a child," said Mrs. Jeffcott, "but, not being in good odour with Mr. Vaughan, he never went to the house."

I saw that Mr. Howard was listening eagerly to this conversation, and allowed Will Derry to make love to Sophia, which was strange.

When we returned home, Mrs. Vaughan made inquiries about Mrs. Jeffcott, and heard my report with a frown on her usually good-humoured face.

"I wish Sophia would give her up," she said. "I don't think she's a good woman. Over ten years ago, there was a talk of a near relative of her husband contesting the will, as some flaw was supposed to nullify her right to the property. But she got rid of the man some way, and has been living in the lap of luxury ever since."

On Mrs. Vaughan's lap was a scarf of blue and red with golden threads.

"What is it?" I asked, although I had a shrewd idea.

"The scarf with which my husband was strangled," she replied, sighing, "and to-day is the anniversary of his death."

I looked curiously at the scarf, which was Japanese, and still bore a faint scent of Hiku.

The arrangements for the tableaux went on apace, and one day Sophia told me that she was to be Mrs. Derry.

On the night of the party I accompanied Mrs. Vaughan and Sophia to Mr. Howard's, and, after Sophia had made her appearances, she came and sat by me.

There was one tableau in which Will and Mrs. Jeffcott appeared in a moonlit garden. She was lying dead on the ground, and Captain Derry, in doublet and hose, was bending over her.

A thin shaft of limelight shone on Will's face. He had shaved off his moustache for an earlier tableau, and in this one looked much younger than usual. When the curtain drew up, Sophia started, and appeared uneasy. Mr. Howard, who had his eyes on her, passed me a smelling bottle and a handkerchief. "Miss Vaughan seems unwell," he whispered to me. "Give her these salts."

Even at the time, I wondered why he should add the handkerchief to the smelling bottle, as Sophia had her own. But I mechanically passed the articles along. Just as Sophia took them, I became aware of the hateful perfume of "Hiku." The handkerchief was impregnated with it, and the odour ascended to the nostrils of Sophia. She gave a cry, and her eyes fixed themselves on the face of Will, so vivid and clear in the moonlight.

I knew in a moment that the scene in the library had been evoked by the scent, and put my arm round her. But she rose violently, and, pointing wildly to the stage, shrieked again.

"Murderer! Murderer!" she cried, and then sank down unconscious.

"I thought so!" said Mr. Howard behind us, and assisted me to carry Sophia out. When she was laid on a sofa in the next room and her mother was attending to her, I turned to Mr. Howard and led him out of earshot. He looked triumphant.

"You arranged that tableau on purpose," said I.

"Yes!" he answered coolly, "and I obtained the scent from town. I know the whole story of Mr. Vaughan's death, and of the perfume, which always brought the scene back to Sophia's memory. She won't marry Will Derry now."

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Simply this," he said, "Derry murdered Mr. Vaughan."

Before I could contradict this, Sophia, who had recovered and heard the words, tottered to her feet, and thrust out her hands. "No! No!" she cried wildly. "It is not true!" Sophia threw up her arms. "He is innocent—innocent!" she shrieked, and fainted again.

Before the entertainment concluded, Mrs. Vaughan took Sophia away.

"I can't believe that Captain Derry is guilty," she said. "He was my husband's cousin and a black sheep, but he never murdered him, I am sure."

Sophia was ill for days. The shock of finding that the man she loved was guilty of her father's death drove her into a frenzy.

Captain Derry called next day, but Mrs. Vaughan refused to see him, and Sophia could not. Yet he would not go away without an interview, so I afforded him the opportunity of exonerating himself.

During the course of conversation, I learnt that Captain Derry thought that Howard and Mrs. Jeffcott had arranged the tableau on purpose.

It appeared that ten years before Captain Derry had been to ask assistance from Sophia's father, with whom he was not on very good terms.

Mr. Vaughan agreed to see him in the library one evening, but when Derry arrived—by the window, as arranged—he found Mr. Vaughan dead, with a scarf twisted round his throat. Sophia, when she came into the room, saw his face in the moonlight.

Mrs. Jeffcott knew of the appointment, and, being of a jealous nature, revealed her knowledge to Howard; together they plotted his downfall. Howard had threatened to have him arrested unless he promised to give up Sophia and leave the country.

Of course, nothing could be done without Sophia, who, if she really loved Derry, would not be likely to wish to prove him a murderer.

I promised to let him know should anything happen.

Captain Derry had only been gone a few moments when Mrs. Vaughan sent to know if I would see Mrs. Jeffcott. She had called, and, like Captain Derry, refused to leave without seeing someone. Mrs. Vaughan disliked her too much to accord an interview, so I was forced to receive her.

She came forward with a charming smile when I entered the room. "I want to be of any assistance I can," she said in a purring voice. "How very terrible this affair is. To think that Will Derry, of all men, should have killed poor Mr. Vaughan!"

"Are you so sure he did?" I asked.

"I am certain. He had an appointment with Mr. Vaughan, and——"

"Do you still use Hiku, Mrs. Jeffcott?" I demanded.

"What do you mean?" she asked, genuinely astonished.

"I mean that the scarf which was twisted round the throat of the dead man was perfumed with a scent called Hiku, fashionable ten years ago. You told Mr. Howard where to get it so that he might carry out his infamous plot. Catherine, who was your maid——"

Mrs. Jeffcott turned pale through her paint, and looked haggard all at once. "It's a lie!" she said hoarsely. "I never used Hiku."

"Yes you did, and the Japanese scarf used in the murder is yours."

"No," she said, sinking down. "I swear——"

"You needn't. I have been to Catherine's room. She felt cold, and asked me to look into her box for a shawl. I found there a scarf the exact counterpart of the one used to strangle Mr. Vaughan. Catherine is prepared to swear that you gave it to her. Yes, Mrs. Jeffcott, and you used the other scarf when you kept the appointment for Will."

"I did not," she murmured.

"You did. He told you he was going to see Mr. Vaughan secretly, and for some reason you wished to murder the man. You came earlier and strangled him, thinking the blame would be laid on Will Derry, who was known to be on bad terms with Mr. Vaughan."

By this time all the fight was out of her, and she fell on her knees to confess. The words poured out in a perfect stream, but I wrote them down as rapidly as I could.

"I did kill Mr. Vaughan," she said. "He found out that I was never married to Colonel Jeffcott, and that the money was not rightfully mine. He swore to disgrace me before the world, and I resolved to kill him. Will Derry's appointment gave me the chance. I came, and while Mr. Vaughan was writing at his table, I threw the scarf over his head and killed him. Then I fled, and afterwards I heard how Will had been seen by Sophia. That is all!"

"You must sign this," I said, showing her the paper on which I had written her confession.

She did so after some fighting. Then, a broken woman, she tottered out of the room.

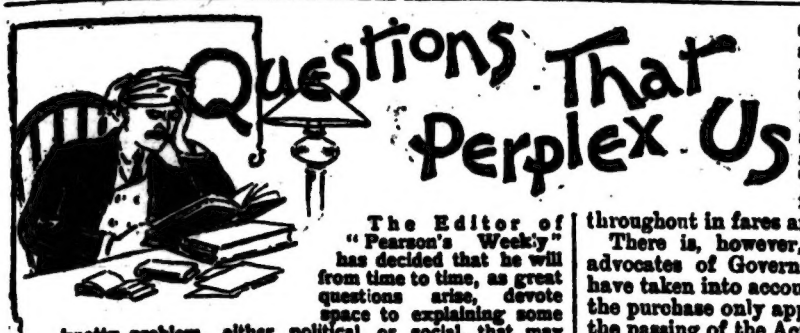
I went at once to Sophia, and told the truth in her presence and in the presence of Mrs. Vaughan. Will was sent for, and shown the confession. Then I left the lovers in one another's arms, and Sophia decidedly better. Two hours later came the news that Mrs. Jeffcott, to escape punishment, had taken an over-dose of choral.

When Howard learnt the truth, he held his tongue and went abroad, so nothing definite was ever known. Sophia's wild scream was put down as an outburst of hysteria.

So Will was righted, and Sophia became his wife. But she still hates perfumes.

[Concluding Story Next Week: "The Missing Leaf."]

Boys and Girls! While there is time, avail yourselves of the magnificent offer made in THE BOYS' LEADER.



The Editor of "Pearson's Weekly" has decided that he will from time to time, as great questions arise, devote space to explaining some knotty problem, either political or social, that may happen to be the talk of the moment. He will ask some great authority on any particular subject to express his views, to explain as fully and as clearly as possible what he means and what he wishes, and will invite from the readers of "P.W." expressions of opinion for or against the principal writer—all in an honest endeavour to explain in simple language what a great movement really means.

SHOULD OUR RAILWAYS BE OWNED BY THE STATE?

By G. A. Sekon.
Editor of the Railway Magazine.

Undoubtedly British railways should be State-owned if any sufficient advantages are likely to accrue to the community. We therefore propose to place before the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* the "pros and cons" of the question, to enable them to form their own opinions as to the advantage or otherwise of national railways.

The basis of the claim for the acquisition of our railways by the State is socialism, pure and simple, it being argued that as an annual profit (which in 1902 amounted to £41,682,502) is obtained from our railways, the profit should be applied to reducing fares and rates, increasing accommodation, and in reduction of taxation, rather than going as dividends into the pockets of the shareholders. Next we have the dictum that "railways are, in their origin and present use, public highways," and as such should belong to the State.

It is also affirmed that under State management (1) the cost of working the railways would be reduced to a minimum, and (2) a uniform system of management could be introduced. As a corollary to these two fundamental advantages it is claimed that many secondary improvements would result.

Mostly, however, the advantages claimed for State management are in the nature of amelioration of present conditions, rather than the introduction of actual innovations and improvements. Thus, those in favour of Government ownership allege that the high "home" rates and the low preferential rates for goods from abroad charged by the railways constitute one of the gravest factors in the serious foreign competition which menaces so many of our trades, with which competition has already played such havoc among our agricultural classes.

Furthermore, they say that the experience of years of litigation, and the revision of railway rates by Parliamentary committees, have demonstrated the futility of traders and farmers getting redress, so long as they have to face the solid and efficiently-trained organisation of the railway companies, as an interest definitely opposed to them.

In support of these contentions, the following comparisons of goods rates are quoted.

	British.	For same Distance. German.	Belgian.	Dutch.
HARDWARE.				
Birmingham to London ...	23s. 6d.	11s. 4d.	12s. 11d.	11s. 3d.
COTTON GOODS.				
Manchester to London ...	26s. 0d.	20s. to 23s.	18s. 1d.	14s. 4d.
GENERAL MACHINERY.				
Leeds to Hull	25s. 0d.	4s. 6d.	8s. 0d.	5s. 6d.
WOOL.				
Liverpool to Manchester ...	9s. 2d.	4s. 2d.	4s. 11d.	4s. 2d.
CATTLE.				
Hull to Manchester	50s. 3d.	38s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	37s. 6d.

Allowance has been made for the difference in systems of calculating "terminal charges," etc.

Then the following figures are given to show that travelling on British railways is much more expensive than it is on State-owned continental lines.

Miles	Third-Class Fares in Denmark	Russia	Belgium	Holland	Sweden	Germany	Great Britain and Ireland
62	2s. 5d.	2s. 0d.	2s. 3d.	2s. 4d.	4s. 0d.	4s. 5d.	5s. 6d.
107	3s. 5d.	4s. 9d.	5s. 2d.	5s. 1d.	6s. 6d.	7s. 0d.	8s. 11d.
165	4s. 4d.	6s. 5d.	8s. 2d.	8s. 2d.	10s. 5d.	10s. 8d.	12s. 9d.

Those in favour of State acquisition consider that it will be quite a simple matter to substitute Government control for private management, seeing that in 1844 an Act of Parliament (the one making compulsory the conveyance of third-class passengers at one penny per mile by one train a day) was passed.

Section 2 of this Act provides that, at any time after the expiration of twenty-one years, by giving the railways three calendar months notice, the Government may acquire the railways at twenty-five years' purchase of the average profit.

It is claimed that the statutory terms of acquisition laid down by this Act will enable the country, after paying £40,000,000 more than the paid-up capital to the shareholders (which, by the way, amounts to the not inconsiderable sum of £448,961,851) and interest on stock, to make (with the estimated saving from unity of management and other things) an annual profit of £24,000,000. This will be sufficient to provide for the most sweeping reduction throughout in fares and rates.

There is, however, one clause of the Act that the advocates of Government purchase do not appear to have taken into account, viz., that the clause relating to the purchase only applies to railways incorporated after the passing of the Act. As, however, most of the trunk lines had already been sanctioned, the railways acquired by the Government under the 1844 Act would be of rather a fragmentary character.

There would be the reduction in the number of highly-paid officials, as it is quite conceivable under State control that one general manager would do for all the railways, while the work would be more easily and better done than now, as the whole system would then be arranged in the public interest, and not, as is at present done, to meet the arrangements of opposing lines.

It is further claimed that the shareholders also would be better off if the railways became State property, as instead of being the possessors of scrip of a most uncertain value, they would then have Government Bonds bearing a fixed rate of interest, with the country at the back as security.

We have now exhausted the advantages that it is claimed would result from the nationalisation of British railways, and will, therefore, consider the other side.

The primary reason for the State owning the railways in certain countries, such as Russia and Germany, is a military one. These countries not having the natural protection that is afforded by the surrounding sea to our islands, have designed and work their railway systems as a means of defence and offence should war break out.

In consequence, a good deal of the expenditure in connection with the working of the railways is charged as military disbursements, and the cost of working the railways therefore appears to be less than is really the case.

We have given certain figures, which upon the face of them show that less fares and rates are charged on State-owned railways than on the privately-owned lines in this country. It is notorious that "figures can be made to prove anything," and we will therefore show the other side of these same figures.

With regard to the carriage of merchandise, British railways are charged with favouring the foreigner in the matter of rates. It must be obvious that as our railway managers are Englishmen, all things being equal, they can have no possible bias in favour of foreigners.

The explanation is simple. A single consignment from abroad consists of, say, ten tons—enough to fill a truck; it is unloaded from a steamer direct into the truck and is conveyed straight away by train for 50, 100, or 200 miles, a simple straightforward piece of business, for which a low rate *per ton* can be accepted.

But how few home consignments are of this character? A, say, sends six consignments, weighing less than 1 cwt. each, to six different places. Each one of these six consignments is as much trouble as a ten-ton lot, for *it is not the actual carriage of the goods that is expensive*, it is the loading, unloading, checking, weighing, and the hundred other matters of detail that have to be gone through with each consignment, whether it weighs ten tons or 1 cwt.

It pays the railways to carry ten tons for 200 miles at 10s. per ton, but no one can suggest it would pay the company to carry 1 cwt. *sixteen miles for a halfpenny*, which would be about the proportionate rate.

Germany, being a protectionist country, reverses the policy of this Free Trade land, and its State-owned railways carry goods for export at low rates, and charge high rates for imported articles.

Then with regard to third-class fares. It looks very nice on paper to be able to travel sixty-six miles for 2s. 5d., as it is claimed one can do in Denmark, but then how often in every twenty-four hours can one do so? How long does it take to perform the journey, and what is the quality of the accommodation provided for third-class travellers?

"Time is money" is a self-evident truth in these days of "hustle," and leaving the difference of the accommodation out of the question, travellers paying first-class fares and the "supplement" for the convenience of travelling by the *rapide* trains would probably find themselves longer on a journey in any of the foreign countries mentioned in the table than they would be covering the same distance in a third-class carriage of a British express.

If our railways were State-owned, competition would cease, and we should have to accept *any* services the "powers that be" chose to provide. Under the present arrangements it is an open secret that many more trains are run than the traffic warrants.

Our familiar service, such as a train at ten a.m., a similar train at twelve noon, another at two p.m., a fourth at four p.m., and a fifth at six p.m., each with a few passengers, would, under Government control, speedily give place to a fairly filled train at eleven a.m. and a second one at four p.m., with the chance that, if sufficient passengers did not offer to fill the two trains, only one would be run.

Then as to high speed and long non-stop runs, these, although most convenient to travellers, are rarely remunerative to the railways, and are frequently run merely for the sake of the advertisement by enterprising railways. But in the absence of competition such advertisements would be unnecessary.

The present system of private ownership encourages travel, and gives our toiling millions a wide choice of holiday resorts at cheap fares. Thus, one can travel from London to Margate and back for 5s. by the S.E. & C.R., a distance of about 150 miles; for the same money one can travel to Yarmouth and back 243 miles, or to and from Weymouth, 309 miles, also for the same money, but under Government ownership the whole of the railways being *one* system, such a state of things would not be tolerated.

Travellers would urge that if it be possible to carry a person 309 miles for five shillings, then the fares to Yarmouth, and especially to Margate, must be too high, and should be reduced. It would, however, be found that the Margate fare would remain at five shillings and the others would be increased, thus limiting the choice of holiday resorts to the many thousands to whom the amount of the railway fare is an important consideration.

With the whole of the railways under one management, a considerable reduction in the staff would take place, because the work could be rearranged. From an economic standpoint this is an advantage. But we must remember that thousands of men, thus deprived of employment, would crowd into other trades and so reduce wages all round.

Under Government it is obvious that many lines in different parts of the country, which have been built for "strategetic" purposes by different railways, but do not, nor ever can, pay, would be speedily closed. Such lines are of immense benefit to travellers by saving long detours, but the traffic does not pay working expenses.

A further reason for closing various cross-country lines would be their condition. As one system the Government would be compelled to maintain the whole of the lines in a high state of efficiency, and the cost of bringing up to this efficient state certain lines would be out of all proportion to the traffic passing over them.

The impecunious condition of certain railways compels the Board of Trade "to temper the wind" when dealing with them, and years ago such lines would have been absorbed by their more prosperous neighbours, but for the fact that directly such lines became the property of a financially strong company the Board of Trade would compel the railway acquiring them to reconstruct such lines.

Few people have grasped the fact that a very large proportion of the population of this country is dependent upon the railways. In 1902 the total number of servants employed on our railways was 575,834, and, counting an average of four other people to be, more or less, dependent upon each of these employés, the total is in round numbers 2,880,000, or more than one in fifteen of the whole population.

Pause and consider the political power that would be in the hands of railway employés if they became Government servants. So large a number of men could assert such influence at Parliamentary elections that, to gain their votes, candidates would pledge themselves to carry out schemes for the benefit of such men that would soon swallow up the surplus millions that might result from the State working of the railways.

Once having discovered their power, there would be no way to curb the demands of railway servants, short of disenfranchisement. Would they be content with State-ownership under such conditions? It is probably the appreciation of this fact that has, more than anything else, caused serious politicians to refrain from suggesting that our railways should be State-owned.

In the various Australian Colonies, where, for the purpose of developing the country, and in consequence of the absence of sufficient private capitalists, the railways belong to the Government, grave scandals have arisen consequent upon the attempted subservience of the railways to political purposes.

The evil in this respect would strike deeper than is readily apparent. Apart from the hundreds of thousands of men forming the rank and file of railway servants, the amount of patronage at the disposal of the Government for the time being, would be enormous, and "jobs" of all kinds would be perpetrated.

A man who is more or less a fool, who occupies a well-paid post in the "Circumlocution Office" because he is a relative of some past or present Government Minister, cannot do much harm, but with hundreds of such specimens of humanity occupying responsible posts in the railway service, one shudders to think of the results of their inaptitude.

In railway management practical experience is absolutely necessary, and the fact that a military officer is a social success in no way qualifies him to fill a position in the railway service the duties of which can be adequately appreciated only by those who have practical experience of the work.

The space at my disposal precludes the mention of other disadvantages that must arise from the State-ownership of our railways; but readers of *Pearson's Weekly* have been told sufficient to enable them to decide as to whether it is advisable or not "to fly from ills they know to others they wot not of."

If you practice the diagrams in "Practice Strokes at Billiards," you will soon get rid of the monotony of paying for the table.

?QUESTIONS? WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

A GENERAL DEIFIED.

Which British General was Worshipped as a God? (6798.)

John Nicholson, British Colonel and Brigadier-General, was once worshipped as a god. He was the eldest son of Alexander Nicholson, a physician of Dublin. This gallant soldier distinguished himself in the Punjab campaign of 1848-49, when he was appointed a deputy-commissioner of the annexed Punjab under Sir Henry Lawrence. At Bannu, dealing wisely with an ignorant and bloodthirsty people, he evolved, in the course of five years, such order and respect for law that murder and highway robbery, previously so rife, were unknown in the district.

He so impressed his powerful personality on the natives that he became to them a demi-god, and in Hazara a brotherhood of Fakirs, in 1848, instituted a religious cult for the worship of "Nikal-Seyn," which continued to flourish in spite of Nicholson's efforts to suppress it even by punishment.

At a moment of victory during the siege of Delhi, in 1857, this hero fell mortally wounded in the street while leading his men. He died a few days later on the 23rd September, 1857, and was buried in front of the Kashmir Gate.

DOWN IN THE DUMPS.

What is Dumping? (6561.)

Dumping, akin to the Saxon dumb, is one of many words which are framed to imitate as far as possible a certain sound, in this case, the dull thud made by earth falling to the ground in a lump, as from a tilted cart. This was its Middle English use, handed down from the old Norsemen.

Of late years the word has been reckoned an Americanism. It was frequently employed in the States by Emerson, Mark Twain, and almost every daily paper, until it took on a distinctly commercial meaning, and was applied to the surplus stock of large manufacturers, disposed of at almost any price to anyone.

As Great Britain has practically no tariff walls, it forms for others a dumping ground—that is, a land upon which surplus goods, or worthless aliens, may be shot. The raising of the fiscal question, combined with the action of American and Continental traders towards ourselves, has given the word a new vogue, not unmixed with contempt.

BURTON BEER.

Why is so much Beer Brewed at Burton-on-Trent? (6562.)

Burton was at one time famed for its alabaster, and, although the connection between this and beer appears remote, it is not really so, for the clear and sparkling quality of the beverage comes largely from the sulphate of lime which the local water takes up from the deposits of gypsum which yielded alabaster. This valuable quality has been known for at least 700 years, the abbots of Burton having been famed for ale made under their supervision so long ago as the thirteenth century, as old monkish deeds, still in existence, testify. Queen Mary of Scotland also had her beer from Burton when she was confined at Tutbury Castle, in the same locality.

Down to the time of Henry VI. Kentish ale was reputed superior to that of any other county, but, after Cade's rebellion, the output of the breweries there was limited by law, and Burton began to take its place. The opening of the Trent to navigation early in the eighteenth century tended further to concentrate the brewing trade at Burton, whilst the enterprise of such master-brewers as Bass and Allsopp, quickened the increase of brewing in the town and district.

RAIN AND SNOW GAUGE.

How is Rainfall Measured after Hail or Heavy Snow? (6563.)

Rainfall is measured by a rain gauge, a metal funnel inserted in a bottle held in a receiving-pot. Gauges of various types and diameters may be obtained, but for ordinary use the "Snowdon" gauge is generally adopted. This is five inches in diameter, and is fixed by four stakes away from any obstruction, with its body partly sunk into the ground. The funnel should be one foot above the grass, and set level.

The bottle receives all rain which falls on the funnel, and this is measured by means of a graduated glass jar, each division of which denotes 1·00 inches of rain. The bottle should be large enough to hold from three to five inches.

For snow, three methods are adopted. (1) Melt what is caught in the funnel by adding a previously-ascertained quantity of warm water, and then, deducting this quantity from the total measurement, enter the residue as rain; (2) select a place where the snow has not drifted, insert the funnel, and, turning it round, lift and melt what is inclosed; (3) measure the average depth of snow, and take one-twelfth as the equivalent of rainfall. This is a rough-and-ready method.

THE MEANING OF MESS.

Why is a Mess-room so Called? (6564.)

The use of this word for dining-room is a remnant of a custom quite common in Anglo-Norman times. Mess, from the French *mets* (meat, or a dish of food) and the Latin *mensa* (a table), was the meat prepared in common (compare the collegiate word "commons") for four persons, sitting at a separate table. Guests at dinners and other ceremonial occasions were divided for general convenience into such groups.

From this the word came to be used as equivalent to four in other matters. Shakespeare speaks of Henry's four sons as a mess—"Where are your mess of sons?"; and in *Love's Labour Lost* we find—"I confess that you three fools lacked me, to make up the mess."

From the fact that soldiers and sailors are always catered for in companies, according to rank, the survival of the word amongst them is quite natural. The same practice is still maintained in the London Inns of Court, and its convenience at table d'hôte is generally recognised.

THE GOOSE TOWER.

What is the Goose Tower? (6564.)

In the early years of the fourteenth century the "free cities"—Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen—sent a delegation of seventy-seven members to King Valdemar to demand increased rights and privileges in their trade with Denmark. The delegates were not very respectful in their language and demeanour, and the King, who was at Vordingborg, told them they acted like a drove of geese, and clapped them into prison in the tower, telling them they would stay there until they learnt better manners. Over the heavy tower door the King put up a stone, with the inscription:

Sieben und siebenteg Hause:
Sieben und siebenteg Gause;
Ware nicht so viele Hause
Hat ich auch nicht so viele Gause.

Translated this reads: "Seventy-seven houses, and seventy-seven geese. If there were not so many houses I would not have so many geese."

On top of the tower, which still stands solid and strong, was placed a big gilt goose, with neck outstretched as if it were hissing.

EASTERN FREEMASONRY.

Was there a Society Akin to Freemasons in Earlier Times? (6565.)

There is just such an institution to be found in the East, in the peculiar tenets of an order of dervishes called Bektashgees. These men, though established at Stamboul, are liberal enough to affiliate themselves to Western associates upon a common ground, disregarding all religious obstacles.

Europeans who have been thus incorporated assert that the system is the same as Freemasonry, and that its essence and chief charm is an obligation of brotherly assurance, whereby one Bektashgee will admit another without any fear or hazard to intimate association, and even within the precincts of his harem.

English residents of Pera or Galata in the seventeenth century have been inducted into this order, and have brought home with them its precepts and practices. It is in its chief characteristics closely allied to modern Freemasonry, which professes to exist for the practice of moral and social virtue, brotherly love, and charity in its most extended sense.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

What is the Origin of "Catching a Tartar"? (6566.)

This trite phrase is thus traced to its origin in an old cyclopædia:

"In some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out: 'Captain, halloo there! I've caught a Tartar!' 'Fetch him along then,' said the captain. 'Aye, but he won't let me!' replied the man. The fact was that the Tartar had caught him."

Grose gives practically the same story in his "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," 1785, but credits the misadventure to an Irish soldier of the Imperial Austrian service, in a battle against the Turks. The closing scene he varies thus:

"Bring him along," said his comrade. "He won't come," said Paddy. "Then come along yourself," replied the other. "Arrah," said he, "but he won't let me!"

THE FIRST BONE-SHAKERS.

What were the Earliest Velocipedes? (6567.)

A machine called the *célérifère* was invented by Sivrac in 1788, and Baron Drais de Sauerbronn invented the *draisienne* in 1818, which appeared in England under the name of the velocipede in the same year. In the following February the use of this machine was prohibited in London by the police. It consisted of two wheels one before the other, connected by a perch on which the pedestrian rested his body, while with his feet he urged the machine forward.

So early as January 12th, 1711, the following advertisement had appeared in the DAILY COURANT: "At the Seven Stars under the Piazza in Covent Garden is to be seen a Chariot in which a man may travel without horses, the like never made nor seen before in England. It will go five or six miles an hour, and measure the miles as it goes. It will turn or go back and go up hill as easily as on a level ground."

In the SPORTING MAGAZINE for February, 1819, a machine is spoken of which would travel at the rate of twelve miles an hour, worked by a treadle for both feet. In Stoke Poges Church window what may be taken for a hobby-horse was depicted so long ago as 1642.

A SEA-GIRT TOMB.

What Great Writer was Buried on a Rock in the Atlantic? (6568.)

François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, some twenty years before his death, writing to the Mayor of St. Malo, his native town, made the request that the town would grant him on the west point of the rock of Grand Bey a space sufficient for his burial. To this island rock, accessible only at low tide, the body of the great French *littérateur* was brought at his death.

A granite cross marks the spot. At high tide the rock becomes an island, and the waves of the Atlantic beat against this lonely grave. The fiftieth anniversary of the funeral was celebrated by a pilgrimage to the Grand Bey, each person being requested to take some floral tribute.

After solemn Mass in the cathedral, a procession, headed by the mayor and two members of the French Academy, crossed the sands, and mounted the rocky slopes, and, with the sound of music and the firing of salutes, the floral homage was made. Poems, composed for the occasion, were recited; an oration was pronounced by M. le Vicomte de Vogüé; and at night the Grand Bey displayed green funeral lights.

QUESTIONS.

6561. What was the origin of hockey?
6562. Why are bees' cells six-sided?
6563. When did gipsies first appear in England?
6564. Are there "singing sands" in this country?
6565. What is the derivation of the term sub rosâ?
6566. Who first designed the loving cup?
6567. Why is the ladybird called "Bishop Barnabee"?
6568. Was an airship ever advertised to ply from London with passengers?
6569. What is the meaning of the phrase "By hook or by crook"?
6570. What was the earliest public postal service?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

JACK: "There is one thing I like about old maids."

Harry: "What?"

Jack: "They don't say they did this or that 'long before you were born.'"

LADY: "Whatever do you do with all the stewed tea-leaves I give you, Jenny? Surely your mother can't enjoy a cup of tea made from stuff like that?"

Jenny: "Oh, no, miss! But we've—er—got a lodger now!"

"ARE you training your daughters in the household arts?"

"No. What's the use? Just as soon as I got one of them trained so that she could help me, some man would come along and marry her, and all my labour would be lost."

"IT seems to me, Harry," said his father, "that you are very rough when you play with me. See how you have torn my coat!"

"I did it on purpose, daddy," said Harry. "I want to wear that coat out so much that it can't be cut down for me."

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Towns that Act Plays.

Where Theatricals are Performed by Whole Populations.

Two Thousand People Took Part in a Performance at Chilliwack.

And the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau has an Immense Number of Actors.

A LITTLE town called Chilliwack, on the Fraser River, in British Columbia, holds the curious record of having performed a play which, for the number of persons engaged in it, excels all others ever performed. No fewer than two thousand persons took part. More curious still, all the actors were red men.

The piece enacted was a Passion Play. It was organised by the Rev. Father Chirousi, and those who took part in it were Roman Catholic Indians. The Indians proved to be remarkably clever and devout actors, and their performance was much admired by the white people who saw it. It was, of course, held in the open air, with real trees and mountains as a setting.

One of the most remarkable Passion Plays ever enacted took place in July last at the small town of Furnes, in Flanders. Hundreds of biblical characters were represented, both from the Old and New Testaments. Among them were Abraham and his household, Moses with the Tables of the Law and

surrounded by the prophets.

David was shown both as King and penitent. The stable at Bethlehem was one of the scenes, and the whole of Christ's life followed in a series of tableaux. Hundreds of the townspeople took part. All acted with the greatest reverence, and some of the scenes are said to have been almost painfully realistic.

Among the actors were many leaders of local society, but in every case their identity was carefully concealed. The Mayor of a neighbouring town took a principal character.

One of the oldest of all the Passion Plays, and quite the best known, is that which takes place yearly at Ober-Ammergau. In this case, too, the actors are, every one of them, townspeople.

The talent they have displayed has made this play so celebrated all over Europe that last year there were no fewer than sixteen extra performances, which realised the sum of £75,000.

The town has, of course, been indirectly much benefited, for £7,500 worth of picture post-cards were sold, and the wood carvers of the place sold out their entire stock. But the money which the play brings in does not seem to have spoilt the simple peasants, who still work hard at their trades and devote their leisure to

preparing for the great annual event.

Brixen is one of the most ancient cities in the Tyrol. It was founded in the year 901, and in 1901 celebrated its thousandth birthday by a play, or rather a series of tableaux, representing scenes in the history of the place for the past thousand years.

The first showed Saint Cassian, the first minister of the Gospel to reach the place. He was surrounded by Roman soldiers. Then followed a tableau representing knights starting for the Crusades, among them Count Albert of the Tyrol and other celebrated leaders.

Every century had at least one special scene devoted to it, and these were carried out with scrupulous accuracy of detail. Even the vehicles, including ancient ox-waggons, were true to life. The trades and industries of the town were also represented with the proper implements.

The play brought thousands of visitors to the place. Brixen's population of 6,000 is estimated to have been nearly trebled during the

continuance of this strange festival.

The German Emperor is said to have been anything but pleased at the life-like historical representation of the Battle of Kolin, which was performed in January, 1901, by a large number of the young men of Vienna.

The original battle of Kolin was fought in 1757. In it the Austrians, under Marshal Daun, inflicted upon the Prussians, under Frederick the Great, the most crushing defeat which that monarch ever sustained. So it is perhaps not to be wondered at that Kaiser Wilhelm, who entertains a fanatical admiration for his famous ancestor, should have objected to a play so painfully recalling this disaster.

An interesting display was given before the Khedive of Egypt at Omdurman in December last year. This performance, which was something between a sham fight and a drama on a great scale, represented the battle which preceded the capture of Omdurman. It was carried out with amazingly realistic effect.

The force representing the enemy was actually a thousand ex-dervishes, now loyal subjects of their conquerors. Their charge was extremely impressive, while Macdonald's change of front by which the dervishes were finally routed was splendidly depicted by three regiments of regulars.

If we as a nation were as touchy as the German Kaiser we might well have been offended by the performance at Trenton, New Jersey, two years ago, commemorating the 125th anniversary of the defeat of our troops by the Americans under General Washington.

General Cooper represented Washington, and had the same number of officers on his staff. The troops representing the British were attired in red coats and were driven panic-stricken from the field, surrounded, and compelled to ground arms and give up their colours. The troops who composed the two forces were volunteers from Trenton and the neighbourhood.

During the recent Royal tour Sydney honoured the memory of Captain Cook by a curiously careful representation of the great explorer landing

in Botany Bay in the year 1770.

A vessel entered the bay, and a boat containing the captain, his officers, and a South Sea Islander, approached the beach. Upon it were two natives cooking fish. When they saw the boat the latter, who were real aboriginals, rushed up into the rocks poising their spears aggressively. A very large gathering enjoyed the whole scene, which had been specially sanctioned and carefully planned by the Government of New South Wales.

For realistic effect there probably was never anything to excel the marvellous performance of *Carmen* at Toulouse about six months ago.

The scene was the great bull ring of the town, and the bull fight scene, instead of being merely hinted at, as is the case when *Carmen* is played upon the boards of Covent Garden, was a reality of the most thrilling description.

Four splendid young bulls from Salamanca put to the proof the skill of real bull fighters. The actors in the play itself were graduates of the stage, but all else was nearer reality than ever was the setting of any other play. The hot Southern sun, and the Pyrenees in the distance, made a scene which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

A CHANGE.

He has a stern, commanding face,
  A domineering air,
And his subordinates can trace
  No sign of weakness there.

His dignity impresses all,
  His tones can overawe,
His frown the boldest can enthrall,
  His gesture is a law.

He conquers with an epithet,
  His word can terrify,
And few have yet unflinching met
  The lightning of his eye.

Yet, in a humble, abject style,
  Completely cowed and scared,
He asks, with deprecating smile,
  "Dearest, are my socks aired?"

IT WOULD HUMILIATE HIM.

A LITTLE story comes from a seaside village in Normandy, where a well-known man of letters was staying in company with a young writer of trifles at a somewhat primitive hotel. One fine morning the former addressed the host as follows:

"You would oblige me by making your charges as low as possible for my young colleague. He is not a rich man."

The landlord, delighted with the presence in his house of the man of renown, promised to have due consideration for the purse of the younger guest. But a few days afterwards the famous author came to him again, saying:

"By the way, don't let my bill be bigger than that of my young friend. It would humiliate him; boys like that are so extremely touchy!"

SMITH: "Your wife has a fine voice."

JONES: "Yes, one of the best in the world. Otherwise it would have been worn out several years ago."

LITTLE BOY: "Why don't you hit a fellow of your own size?"

BIG BOY: "Do you want me to wait here till you grow?" (Smack!)

THE very air we breathe becomes a nuisance when it is worked over and jammed through a brass instrument by a young man who is fitting himself to become a member of a brass band.

THE WIFE: "I think we ought to have Lucy's voice cultivated, John, if it doesn't cost too much."

The Husband: "It can't cost too much, my dear, if it will improve it."

BARBER (insinuatingly): "Your hair is a trifle thin, sir."

Victim (grimly): "So is your chance of selling me a bottle of your justly celebrated hair restorer."

'WARE THE PETROL PRAM.

Clever Devices to Suit Various Occasions.

THE coming danger to our streets will be the baby in it deadly petrol perambulator.

Persons with these perambulators have lately appeared in the streets of Paris, and soon they will invade the streets of London. A small seat is provided at the back of the perambulator for the nurse. She controls the motor, which is geared up to a very moderate speed, of course.

Even later than the nurse-driven automobiles are the motor bath-chairs. Each chair holds two persons, and it is propelled by electricity, the speed being three miles an hour. The speed is the same whether the chair goes uphill, downhill, or on the level.

All that the occupant has to do is to sit still and steer. A small lever turns the current on or off. A very important part of the auto-chair is a swinging guard-rail. This projects about a foot in front of the chair, and directly it touches any person, or meets with any resistance, the pressure pushes it back and so automatically cuts off the current.

When the swinging guard-rail is touched, the chair will stop instantly, before it has time to strike the object.

The chief mechanical engineer of the London and North-Western Railway, has promised that we shall have motor-cars on the English railways before long.

On the Continent at the present time motor-cars are being used on several lines where they are let out on hire. By this means people can travel from one part of the line to another, stopping practically where they like and nearly living on board the train.

The same course is followed on the Canadian Pacific Railway, but still it is doubtful whether we shall have anything of exactly the same sort in England for some time, as traffic considerations prevent the freedom of travel which is the chief source of the pleasure of travelling in these motor-cars.

One invention we could do with very well; it is the one in use in Australia. In the post-offices of the Commonwealth if time or opportunity does not permit of the prompt purchase of a stamp, the difficulty is easily got over. All that is necessary is to drop the letter into one orifice of a machine and a penny in the other.

When the process is completed a stamp bearing the words "One penny paid" is impressed upon the envelope as an equivalent to the orthodox penny stamp. This does away with all licking of postage stamps, and this application of the principle of a penny-in-the-slot is urgently needed in our own country.

The phonograph has invaded modern life, and we are indebted to it in many ways. Sometime ago the Hungarian Jews in Chicago wrote to the Chief Rabbi of Pressburg, in Hungary, asking him to recommend an orthodox Rabbi, who would be able to preach in their own language.

Now, Pressburg is a very long way from Chicago, and it was out of the question, of course, to choose a Rabbi without hearing him preach an entire sermon. However the difficulty was got over by means of the phonograph.

The recommended candidate spoke his best sermons, in his best German and Hungarian, into the instrument. Afterwards the records were sent over to Chicago. When they were reproduced they gave such delight that the preacher was elected at a handsome salary.

The London boy has invented a new amusement at the expense of the motorist.

A motor-car is waiting beside the pavement, while the man in charge is at his ease.

All of a sudden a loud report is heard, and somebody says: "There's his tyre gone!" Then there is wild excitement. People turn around and look, the engineer peers anxiously at one side, and then at the other, and yet nothing can be seen. The delusion is perfect, and the bad boy laughs. He has caused all the bother by means of a paper bag which he has burst in his hands.

Another game of these naughty boys is played at the expense of the drivers of the electric tramcars. The youths on the line of the route wait until a tramcar gets within fifty yards or so of them, then they start running backwards and forwards across the track. The player who does the feat the greatest number of times is the winner. This game is one of rare excitement, and a skilled player can make the driver apply the brakes in a panic practically every time. Sometimes the irate driver applies something else.

The latest way of punishment, which might come in serviceable for these boys, was announced during the trial of a Wakefield boy. The Bench asked the father if he had punished him. The father replied that he had, upon which the Bench asked him in what manner. The father answered: "He went to church twice yesterday!"

Mr. P. Doubleyou's Experience

as a super, which is related on another page, gives readers an insight into the life of those men who have chosen the theatrical profession as their means to a livelihood. It is sometimes difficult to decide what occupation to take up with the most advantage. If you send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps, and a stamped, addressed envelope, to RANEE, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., you will receive in return an accurate delineation of your character, from which you will be able to judge for yourself in what direction you are most likely to succeed.

You will find a short complete story by Arthur Applin in PEARSON'S XMAS 'XTRA. Price one shilling.

Preferential Pars

Trout Swim to Kitchen.

During the recent floods a trout was caught in a kitchen at Runnacleare Crescent, Ilfracombe. Two others were taken at the fire station.

Where the Curfew Rings.

The Curfew Bell is still rung from October 11th to March 31st at Burgh and Swineshead, in Lincolnshire, the day of the month being indicated by the number of strokes on the bell.

Healthy Parish.

With the exception of the case of a newly-born infant, there has been no death in the parish for thirteen months, states the vicar of the Westward Parish of Wigton (Cumberland).

To Benefit Youngsters.

Dundee is thinking of improving the physique of its children by making ten o'clock the earliest time for going to school. This hour, it is believed, would enable the youngsters to get a better breakfast before starting school.

Baby Illustrates Lecture.

There was a new departure at the London School Board recently, when Dr. Collie lectured 400 lady teachers on the duties of motherhood. A real live baby three weeks old was brought in to illustrate the lecture by being undressed, washed, and dressed again by an expert hospital nurse.

Fortunes from the States.

A contemporary has compiled a list of the fortunes which American heiresses have taken from the States on their marriages with members of the English aristocracy, and comes to the conclusion that during the past quarter of a century these alliances have caused over 200,000,000 dollars, or £40,000,000, to pass into foreign coffers.

Children as Gardeners.

There is in a suburb of Vienna a unique horticultural institution which might be advantageously copied in London. The idea on which it is founded is to encourage children to take an interest in flowers and trees. About 750 children attend regularly, and this year they have planted 2,000 trees and plants. At the end of the year prizes are distributed to the children whose plants have been best cared for.

Utilising Chimney Smoke.

In Brussels, Malines, and other Belgian towns, a novel method of not only getting rid of smoke, but turning it to good account, has recently been employed. The smoke is driven by a ventilating fan into a filter filled with porous material, over which a continuous stream of petroleum, benzine, alcohol, or some liquid hydrocarbon flows. The result is that the smoke is entirely suppressed, while the filter yields a gas of great heating power, which can be used for domestic purposes and for driving gas-engines. The filtering material itself also becomes a good combustible during the process.

Names of Newspapers.

The multiplicity of newspapers has not given rise to many new titles. The old names are used over and over again. There are seven newspaper titles each of which has over 100 adherents in the United Kingdom. "Advertiser" is the favourite; there are 160 newspapers of that designation. "Times" comes next with 150; "News" with 149; "Gazette" with 128; "Chronicle" with 120; "Herald" with 119; and "Journal" with 104. The "Expresses," "Guardians," and "Observers" muster over fifty each. There are forty-eight "Standards" and only thirty-eight "Telegraphs." The new and original fancy names are mostly reserved for the weeklies.

Servants Use Signals.

Many servant girls living near Army barracks in London and elsewhere are such adepts at semaphore signalling with their arms, they having been taught by their soldier sweethearts, that they may frequently be seen on balconies and at windows, from which the curtains have been drawn back, transferring messages to the chosen ones. But the matter goes far beyond this at Southsea and other similar places, where both sailors and soldiers are to be found, for scores of the sweethearts of the men have learnt to so use mirrors that they can flash any simple message required. A sergeant-instructor says that he has found women infinitely quicker to learn heliographing than men.

How Nations Sleep.

Considering that we all spend on an average one-third of our whole lives in bed, it is not wonderful that a good deal of care, expense, and trouble is expended on our sleeping places. In this country the unhealthy feather bed is being driven out by the healthier mattress, which also rules in America. French beds are noted for their hardness, and German beds are so ridiculously short that foreign visitors are often much too big for them. Many Norwegian beds are made to pull out from recesses. The hammock rules in South and Central America. The Indians of Guiana plait most beautiful hammocks out of grass, which they dye prettily. Japanese lie upon matting laid out on the floor, with a stiff, uncomfortable wooden head-rest. It would take an Englishman years to get accustomed to such a bed of torture. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often elaborately carved. But their only mattresses and coverlets are made of matting. In winter they put on heavy clothes wadded with cotton, in which they sleep. Of all people, the easiest to suit in the way of sleeping quarters are negroes. An African negro, like a wild animal, can curl up anywhere.

Mining With Liquid Air.

Liquid air is being tried as a new blasting agent in a Durham colliery.

Boys May Not Smoke.

Old Moore's Almanac predicts that during the coming year a law will be passed prohibiting smoking by boys.

Expensive Water.

There is a severe water famine in the Winterhoek range, South Africa. People who have wells are selling water at 1s. a bucket.

Late Summons.

A fisherman, who has been dead and in his grave for two years, has been summoned for salmon poaching at Berwick-on-Tweed.

Elephant Starves Itself.

An elephant at the Moscow Zoo has committed suicide at the advanced age of 115 years. Latterly the animal refused to take food or drink, and so starved to death.

Lessons in Motoring.

Military training under modern conditions must be many-sided. Mr. H. F. Trippel, the well-known Army coach at Richmond, gives his pupils lessons in motoring.

Rain Good for Trade.

The depression produced by the recent rainfall resulted in a much greater quantity of tobacco being sold than usual; in one case a tobacconist's takings increased 20 per cent. in a week.

Two Silver Weddings.

Mr. J. E. Minchin, the oldest master baker and confectioner in Reading, celebrated his second silver wedding a few weeks since, having celebrated a previous one with his first wife.

New Definition of Principle.

"I fought the case, not because I cannot pay, but on principle," explained a defendant in the Southwark County Court recently. "Yes, I know," said Judge Addison wearily. "In these courts principle is another word for temper."

Waves Faster than Wind.

Waves travel faster than the wind which causes them, and in the Bay of Biscay frequently, during the autumn and winter in calm weather, a heavy sea gets up and rolls in on the coast twenty-four hours before the gale which causes it arrives, and of which it is the prelude.

Price of a Lost Foot.

Mr. G. W. Johnston, an engineer who was permanently lamed in an accident on the Great Western Railway while travelling to Bristol, was recently awarded £3,000 damages against the company. He claimed that the injury prevented him from obtaining an appointment as superintendent to a shipping company.

Music and Winners.

The racing mare Fire Island is said to have a musical box placed in her stable, and each day after training the box plays twenty tunes. This appears to have had a good effect on the mare, as during the three months in which she has enjoyed this entertainment she has won a steeple-chase and a hurdle race.

Football as Aid to Religion.

Dean Holgate, of the North-Western University, U.S.A., at a recent meeting of the students, said that football was a great help in religious duties. He also stated that when students were "at sea" in the mazes of theological thought, all that they needed was a scrimmage on the football field or a run on the cinder track.

Monument to Horses.

A gentleman of humane sentiments has in a somewhat singular way commemorated the enormous sacrifice of horses in South Africa. He has placed a drinking fountain in a Surrey village, with an inscription to the effect that it is erected "In memory of the mute fidelity of 400,000 horses, killed and wounded at the call of their masters during the South African War, 1899-1902, in a cause of which they knew nothing."

Crab Shells as Barometers.

A curious barometer is said to be used by the remnant of the Araucanian race which inhabits the southernmost province of Chili. It consists of the cast-off shell of a crab. The dead shell is white in fair, dry weather, but the approach of a moist atmosphere is indicated by the appearance of small red spots. As the moisture in the air increases the shell becomes entirely red, and remains so throughout the rainy season.

Chinese Slaves.

China is undoubtedly the greatest slave country in the world. Of a population of 400,000,000, over one-fortieth are slaves. Every family of means keeps its girl slaves, and a man's position is gauged by the number of slaves he keeps. At any age from three to fifteen girls are sold, seven or eight being the age at which most change hands. The unfortunate slaves vary in price. The average is about £2, but much depends on the girl's appearance. A good-looking girl will fetch £4 or even £8. The girls are mostly purchased to do housework, it being cheaper to buy than hire.

Hotels Employ Locksmiths.

All the great hotels in London and elsewhere have an accomplished locksmith close at hand, and no day passes without the services of such a man being required, for the keys of luggage are often lost or refuse to act. These locksmiths meet with very mysterious persons who own such luggage—persons who are desperately anxious that the man who forces or picks the locks of their luggage shall not even get a glimpse of the contents, for they stand over him as he works, and, directly the lock gives, hurriedly hand over to him his fee and say, "Never mind opening the thing further!" These locksmiths sometimes give useful information to the police, as in a recent case where a new arrival's luggage contained certain suspicious metal plates, which afterwards proved to be for printing sham Russian rouble notes.

PERSONAL PARS.

The Duchess of Albany is a clever swimmer.

Princess Victoria has exhibited considerable talent as a poetess.

Sir Hiram Maxim earned his first weekly wage as a decorative painter.

Lord Charles Beresford used to think that book-keeping was the most difficult of all studies.

Admiral Sir E. Freemantle has gained the gold, silver, and bronze medals of the Royal Humane Society.

King Carlos of Portugal is an expert billiard player, and spends most of his evenings at the billiard-table.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree seldom learns a new part at home; he goes to the theatre, in order to study the lines in a congenial atmosphere.

Viscount Wolseley, tried soldier as he is, admits that he is highly superstitious, believing in quite a variety of lucky and unlucky omens and actions.

Madame Sarah Grand, the celebrated authoress, is a firm believer in the health-giving results of doing everything by rule and having a time for everything.

Miss Marie Corelli's partiality for private theatricals was formerly manifested in the representation of elderly comic characters, which she preferred to any others.

Several of the wigs worn by the great Duke of Marlborough are preserved as heirlooms in the family, of which the present Under-Secretary for the Colonies is the head.

The King of the Belgians has many hobbies and fancies, including gardening, but it will surprise many to learn that he confesses to at least one great aversion—he does not like music.

Mr. Alfred Beit, one of the richest South African notabilities, began life as a clerk in a Hamburg office. When he is not in England, his address is "Alfred Beit, South Africa."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has drawn inspiration for almost everything he has written from the narcotic weed. He has quite an imposing array of pipes, all of which bear traces of hard service.

Sir Henry Irving's first appearance on the stage took place in Sunderland. It was at the Lyceum Theatre, on its opening night, and the first words of his part were: "Here's to our enterprise!"

The Duke of Devonshire has a historical spot in the gardens of Chatsworth; it is a tiny island, said to have been the retreat of Mary Queen of Scots during her incarceration at Chatsworth.

The Shah of Persia has a pet cat, which he designates Tabr Khan; it follows him about everywhere, and anyone found guilty of treating this magnificent Angora with disrespect is severely punished.

The Queen of Siam's jewelled thimble is a very valuable curiosity. It is of gold, is shaped like a lotus bud, and the precious stones with which it is studded form the dates of her birth and marriage.

Lord Kitchener does not encourage autograph seekers. He is said to have made the following reply to one request for his signature: "Young man, make your own autograph worth something; mine's worth nothing."

It is a strange coincidence that the name of the hero in Mr. Justin M'Carthy's first literary effort, a short love story, was Parnell, the name of the Irish Leader with whom he was afterwards to be associated.

One of the accomplishments of Prince George of Greece is spear-throwing, which was taught him by a Red Indian. Prince George, it may be remembered, saved the present Tsar from the attack of a would-be assassin in Japan.

Sir Evelyn Wood once rode a giraffe for fun; he was thrown off and kicked. That was when he was a young man, and he never sees a giraffe, or a picture of one, without feeling a pain in the head, where the animal kicked him.

M. Johannes Wolff, the great violin player, once played in a French madhouse, within hearing of several raving lunatics, just to satisfy the whim of a friend. The poor demented creatures were like lambs by the time he had finished.

Lichfield House, Richmond, is the home of Miss Braddon, and was once the palace of the Bishop of Lichfield. Her study contains a set of red leather volumes; these are the bound manuscripts of her novels, and represent 10,000,000 words.

The German Empress has a well-defined idea as to the duties of woman. It is said that her ideals are bounded by four K's—"Kinder, Kirche, Küche, Kleider"—which may be rendered by four C's—"Children, Church, cookery, and clothes."

Sir William Arrol, the builder of the Forth and Tay bridges, married when he was a mechanic with a weekly wage of thirty shillings. Four years later, he started in business with a capital of £85, and thus laid the foundation of his great fortune.

Henrik Ibsen works hard, but he works slowly. He is a great stickler for method, and, if any of his furniture is out of place, or if anything is not done at the appointed time, he is extremely annoyed, and cannot work for an hour or so afterwards.

The Duke of Connaught laughs as he recalls the answer of a soldier's son whom he met in the barracks. His Royal Highness, then a captain, asked the little fellow if he intended "to be a soldier, like me," whereupon the boy said frankly: "Not like you; you're only a captain, and I'm going to be a general!"

Mr. John Hay, American Secretary of State and former Minister to this country, was a very homely lad, and used to put on an apron and wash dishes for his mother. Some boys and girls tempted him to come out with his apron on, and then chaffed him; he had purposely brought a basin of water with him, and he threw the water over his tormentors, girls and boys alike.

A situation worth $100 a year is offered to a boy by the Editor of THE BOYS' LEADER.

POWERFUL SERIAL STORY.

THE GAMBLE OF LIFE.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

Author of "Life's Great Handicap," "Dolores," "A Coward's Marriage," "The Shadow of Her Sin," etc., etc.

NAMES TO NOTE.

Molly Indulie, the widow of Richard Indulie.

Brian Maxwell, the man Molly loves and is loved by. He thinks that she killed her husband, and in order to save her confesses that he did the deed. He is imprisoned.

Anne Bramant, the woman whom Indulie promised to marry. She tells him on the day that he weds Molly.

Joan Bramant, her daughter, a circus artiste.

Matthew Gregson, Anne's brother.

Paul Bartlett, a school friend of Brian and Indulie. He is in love with Joan.

Joe Thompson, another school friend, whom Indulie has ruined.

John Smith and **"Pete,"** the proprietors of Heppel's World-famed Circus, in which Joan is a performer.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

The Caged Bird.

PAUL spent the night on the cliffs, alone with his conscience and his thoughts, and neither gave him any rest or peace.

Not until the sun had risen in the sky, not until the sleepy fishing village showed active signs of life, did he dare return to it.

He went straight to the inn where Anne Bramant stayed, and left a message asking her to be ready to see him in an hour's time. He noticed that the servant stared curiously, not to say rudely, at him, and took his message with a certain amount of condescension, and it suddenly struck him that perhaps his appearance was hardly inclined to inspire respect or confidence. Dusty, weary, unshaven, he looked a wild-eyed tramp.

Making his way to the nearest barber's shop, which announced to all and sundry that an easy shave could be had for twopence, and a wash and brush-up for a penny, he demanded the benefit of both. But the barber eyed him curiously.

"Maybe you're from the circus," he asked suspiciously. "An actor chap?"

Paul almost smiled as he shook his head.

"No, a—a traveller."

The barber sighed, evidently relieved, and commenced to strop his razor.

"I don't often get a customer as early as this," he said confidentially. "It's barely seven o'clock yet. My customers are mostly from the trawlers, and they don't want a shave afore they goes fishin'; once a week on Saturday nights suits them, so they're spruce and up to dick on Sundays."

"Exactly."

He commenced to lather Paul's face vigorously, letting the brush wander promiscuously over his mouth and around his nose. Then seizing the latter organ between a rough finger and thumb, he commenced operations.

"I have a sensitive skin," Paul cried nasally.

"So I see, sir," said the barber, with more respect. "No offence, I hopes, in mistaking you for a circus-chap. Strangers in these parts is uncommon, and one can't be too careful."

"No, you can't be too careful," Paul agreed feelingly, as the razor slipped and jagged his ear.

"I was up to the circus myself last night, not as I often goes to such places; but the missus has been a bit cantankerous of late, and I thought a bit of fun might liven her up! Maybe you've married, sir?"

Paul shook his head savagely; that big finger and thumb still gripped his nose.

"It's a funny thing is marriage," continued the barber meditatively. "I wouldn't be a single man again for the world, and yet if I was single, knowing what I know, I wouldn't marry, not if all the girls in Brixham fell on their bended knees!"

Letting go of Paul's nose he stroked his chin affectionately with the air of a connoisseur.

"I think you'll find that all right, sir! Lor', you've a skin like bun dinfant. Now if you were to see some of my customers——"

But Paul had risen and was burying his face in a basin of hot water.

"As I was saying—I was up at the circus last night, and it wasn't half bad. The clown was a comic and no error, and that girl as rode bare-back——"

Paul pricked his ears and emerged from the basin. "Yes?"

"She was the prettiest, cleverest bit of goods as ever I saw. I'd like to know where they picked *her* up!"

Paul threw down a shilling and hastily left the shop. It was quite time Joan was taken away from the circus. However badly he was behaving to others, he was doing the right thing in taking her from her present life!

Anne Bramant was waiting for him in the coffee-room. He ordered breakfast, and over coffee and a fried sole he told her his plans and the letter he had left for Joan.

"I've told her to meet us at the railway station at 8.45 this morning; a train leaves for Newton at 8.50; from there we will drive to my house, where for the present you must both stay until——"

"Until——"

Paul shook his head. "I don't know, I am too tired to think clearly, to see far ahead. But the present is all that concerns us now. You must tell Joan that circumstances and business—any excuse you like—make it imperative for you to stay at Foxhole for some time. That you cannot be parted from her even for an hour, and that she must come with us now immediately, and not see the circus or the Smiths again. I will settle with them. They'll reconcile themselves to the loss of Joan if they're paid well enough!"

"Then you are going to keep my secret?" Anne asked, in a voice that trembled unsteadily.

"Yes—until Brian comes out of prison."

"A year," Anne whispered, tears filling her eyes. "A year's happiness, a year's perfect peace and love with my child! Oh, thank you, thank you!"

"Hush, don't thank me," Paul said bitterly. "I am acting selfishly, cowardly."

A little nervously, afraid lest he repulsed her, Anne Bramant laid her hand on Paul's hand.

"Don't say that! You are saving an innocent soul from much shame and misery. You are bringing happiness into a life that has known only ugliness and sorrow. After all, twelve months will pass quickly, and then Molly and Brian Maxwell will meet and I—I will do whatever he wishes. I swear that, I swear it! Because you have found my child for me and given her to me for a year, I will save and serve your friend."

"Yes, and make the blow that must fall on Joan ten times more terrible and difficult to bear because of the delay. You might have saved her entirely; now one day she is bound to know!"

For a moment Anne was silent. Then she said softly:

"If the blow falls it will be easier to bear if she is not quite alone."

"You mean?"

"If she is your wife!"

"If she is my wife!" Paul repeated. He rose and called for the bill and settled it. Then he wrote a letter to John Smith and dictated one for Anne Bramant to write also: he inclosed both in one envelope, with a cheque for one hundred pounds, "to in some measure recompense Heppel's Circus for the sudden loss of its clever artiste."

"I want this letter sent up to the circus and delivered into Mr. John Smith's hands at ten o'clock," he said to the servant. "But not before." He gave the man a tip that made him open his mouth with astonished delight. Then beckoning to Anne he walked away in the direction of the station, and she followed.

At the top of the hill a troop of horses came clattering towards them, ancient horses, piebald horses! He recognised them in an instant as Heppel's, and on the back of one was perched Pete! Paul drew his hat over his eyes, and, bending his head, walked swiftly past them. Had Pete seen and recognised him, he wondered; if so his suspicions might be aroused, he might even follow him to the railway station!

He waited, and watched the horses out of sight, and Anne overtook him.

"Did you see Pete?" he asked.

"I saw a man on one of the horses, but I did not recognise him; he stared at me though, curiously."

They reached the station together. Joan was already waiting for them. She rushed impetuously into her mother's arms, and then turned to greet Paul nervously, whilst the colour flooded her cheeks.

"We can never thank you sufficiently, can we, mother?" she said, holding Anne's hand in hers, and looking at Paul with eyes moist with wonderful tears of joy.

"You can prove your gratitude to us both," Paul replied, not daring to look at her for long, "by doing what we ask you to do now. Your mother will explain to you. You will have to make a little sacrifice for her, and show yourself for the moment unkind and ungrateful perhaps to those who have been your best friends. But I am sure you will trust your mother and obey her—for her sake and for your own!"

He hurried away to the booking-office and took three first-class tickets to Newton Abbot, and then commenced to write a telegram to his old nurse and housekeeper preparing her for their arrival that evening. As he was thus occupied he felt someone touch his shoulder, and, looking up, he saw Joan by his side, tears of a different sort from those of a few minutes ago staining her cheeks, and her little mouth quivering sadly.

"I cannot go without sending a message to—to the Smiths and Pete," she whispered. "Please let me just send them a message."

Paul nodded and gave her a telegraph form.

"We have written and explained," he said. "But you may telegraph to say good-bye, of course."

"Not good-bye, I shall see them again one day."

"Yes—one day!"

With a trembling hand Joan wrote a farewell message to her circus friends. Never having sent a telegram in her life she did not realise the necessity of brevity, but even if she had, it is doubtful if she could have allowed the expression of her affection to be condensed into twelve words for sixpence, indeed she would have revelled in the idea that every word she sent John Smith cost a halfpenny:

"*I am leaving you, dearest friends, but please keep me in your hearts. I shall come to you again soon—Your loving* JOAN."

When the train started and they found themselves alone in the carriage, a strange, uncomfortable silence fell on them. It did not last long, for suddenly Joan crept into her mother's arms and burst into bitter sobs.

"Why do you cry, little one, why do you cry?" Anne whispered.

"I cannot bear running away—from them all—I love them—they have been so good—all these years. Dear Pete and Rob—the Smiths and Billy—and the animals; take me back, mother, take me home again!"

Home! At the word Anne Bramant felt a choking in her throat and all her new-found happiness flew suddenly away; Paul moved uneasily in his seat, for the word cut him, too, like a knife.

His eyes met Anne's over the little weeping figure. "Can either of us give her what we have taken away? Can she ever find a home with one of us?"

That was the question each asked and neither dared answer. For that cry sounded to their hearts as if it were an accusation.

"Take me home!"

Strangers had given Joan a more real and beautiful gift than her mother or her lover could possibly offer her now; and that gift they were stealing from her.

What could replace it?

At the first stopping place Paul got out and travelled in another carriage, leaving Anne and Joan alone together.

A four-wheeled dogcart awaited them at Newton Abbot Station, and Paul drove into the town, and surreptitiously putting a bank-note into Anne Bramant's hand deposited her at certain shops where all sorts of women's clothes were sold.

"Buy everything—anything she can possibly want," he whispered. "Everything pretty, I daresay you can discover a dressmaker; I'll wait at the Globe Hotel and order lunch for you before we drive across the moor."

Paul had to wait three hours. He did not understand that a woman, a shop, and a bank-note once brought into contact are hard to separate. Unconsciously he had done the right thing in leaving Joan and her mother in a shop with plenty of money and the real necessity of buying clothes—though the latter fact was of really little account in the feminine mind.

Men find consolation in tobacco, or food, or wine, in the company of a good pal, or even in solitude; a woman finds consolation always in clothes, in buying clothes, in looking at clothes, in trying on clothes!

Hence, when at length Anne and Joan did arrive at the Globe Hotel few traces of tears remained. The face of each was wreathed with smiles, and the arms of each ached with the number of parcels they carried.

And all through lunch parcels continued to arrive—and the spirits of the trio to rise.

"Mother has bought me the loveliest things," Joan confided to Paul. "Everything you can think of—the prettiest shoes and stockings and——"

"You must show them to me," Paul smiled.

"I will, some of them. They're nicer even than the things I wore in the circus."

At the mention of the circus her eyes grew misty again and Paul turned the conversation.

"You'll find lots of friends in your new home," he said heartily. "Big dogs and little dogs, and three or four horses and a tame rabbit or two, and a magpie that whistles—if the cat hasn't killed it yet. And you shall hunt all through the winter!"

Joan's eyes sparkled.

"And may I ask Billy, and Pete, and Mr. Smith to come and see me sometimes?"

Paul hesitated and choked over his soup.

"Yes, yes, of course, anyone you like, as soon as you've settled down."

Joan clapped her hands and her eyes grew bright, and her lips red and merry again.

"I shall settle down at once, and I don't feel unhappy any more! For I've not left home, I've only changed it—for my real home with mother. Won't Rob, and Pete, and Mr. Smith and Billy be pleased when they know and come and stay with us!"

"Very pleased," said Paul, rising hastily, stuffing his table-napkin into his pocket in mistake for his handkerchief, and going out to order the horses to be put to.

Joan's spirits rose still higher during the drive across the moorland. The horses, a neat pair of roans standing about fifteen hands, with their heads turned homeward thought nothing of the steep hills, and Paul's arms began to ache.

"*Do* let me take the reins," Joan whispered at last, unable to resist the temptation to drive any longer. "You know I can ride, won't you trust me to drive?"

Paul looked doubtfully at the little figure perched beside him, with its small delicate brown hands that her rough life had not soiled or spoilt.

"I don't think you'll be able to hold them," he said, "but you may try. Only be careful down these terrific hills."

He pulled up and changed places with her, and the horses chafed at the delay. They realised in an instant that the ribbons had changed hands, and started off like a flash of lightning, but Joan had them under control immediately. She talked to them as she talked to Rob and Venus, and they understood at once, and put on their best behaviour, and they did the fourteen hilly miles to Foxhole in two hours and a half.

The old housekeeper, Nanny, was waiting on the doorstep to welcome them, which she did nervously, yet with an ancient courtesy. Cheerful wood fires blazed in every room. "For though 'tain't turned cold yet one never knows what the weather won't do this time o' year," explained Nanny. "There ain't no trusting it up in these moorlands."

Dinner was laid in the pretty little hall, and the strange trio

Any billiard player can soon astonish his friends and conquering opponents by studying "Practice Strokes at Billiards," price 1s.

sat down just as twilight approached and daylight slipped with the sun over the hill-tops.

Joan had changed her clothes for the new ones Anne had bought her in Newton Abbot, a plain black skirt, longer than anything she had ever worn before, and a pretty white blouse. She wore them with grace and dignity, but with evident discomfort; the skirt worried her, it seemed to get in the way of her legs, and the blouse in the way of her cheerful spirits. Conversation languished, Anne devoured Joan with her eyes, and Paul nervously watched Nanny and the effect his visitors had on her.

He was rather afraid of his old nurse.

When the clock struck seven Joan started and moved uncomfortably, and her face changed colour. At 7.30 dinner was finished, and a chill silence settled down and refused to go. Joan crept from the hall, and Paul and Anne followed her with their eyes, then when the door closed they looked at one another and sighed.

"She is not happy," Paul said, rising and walking to the fireplace.

"We must give her time, she feels strange and frightened," Anne replied, hope fighting against fear. "Leave her alone with me, my love will warm her, when she realises her home is here in my heart she will be content and happy."

Paul slowly filled a pipe and lit it.

"Don't forget our bargain," he said quietly. "Her home is to be here, in *my* heart. And you must help her to realise that!"

He left the hall, and shut himself up in his own den and tried to smoke his conscience into a state of somnolence, whilst Anne went in search of Joan.

She was not in her bed-room, nor in the drawing-room; she hunted through the darkening garden in vain, and then grew alarmed. In desperation she knocked at the kitchen-door—possibly Joan had been carried off by Nanny, but the old housekeeper was alone, and with a certain amount of disapproval in her voice suggested that if Anne looked in the stables she might find her there.

"I saw the young lady walk in that direction an hour ago," she said.

So to the stables Anne went, and as she crossed the yard the sound of suppressed sobbing struck her ears. Pushing open the door of the stable whence the sounds proceeded, she found Joan standing in a loose-box beside one of the horses, with her arm round its neck and the tears coursing down her face.

She had changed her clothes again and put on her old short skirt and little brown coat.

Without a word Anne took her in her arms and tried to kiss away her tears; she led her back indoors, and pulling up a chair before the fire, sat in it herself and drew Joan to her side, pillowing her head on her breast, as she used to do long years ago.

And after a while the tears ceased to flow, and Joan nestled closer and closer to her mother and presently began to talk.

"You're not hurt, mother darling, are you?" she whispered softly, "at my leaving you and going away and crying all by myself? But I couldn't help it—it was just the hour when—when"—for a moment her voice quivered and quavered—"when we commenced the performance, and I seemed to hear the band playing, and Dick beating the big drum, and John Smith's voice telling the people to walk up. And—and Pete was looking for me and Rob—and, oh, I felt so miserable, I felt I ought to go to them at once; all the horses would miss me so, and there's no one to give them a handful of oats or a bit of sugar before they go on—and Venus—my dear Venus——" the tears did return now.

"I understand, darling," Anne murmured soothingly, her own face not quite under control now. "I understand, but you shall see them all again, one day."

"I was afraid to tell you what I felt—before Mr.—Mr. Bartlett—it seemed so selfish and ungrateful—so I ran upstairs—I felt I had to put on my proper clothes, they reminded me of—of the horses and everything—and somehow I found my way to the stables, and I told the horses there all about it, and gave them some crusts of bread, and—and I feel better now, mother! Forgive me, won't you? And don't tell Mr. Bartlett!"

But Mr. Bartlett had just entered the room, and had heard enough to guess what had happened. Very quietly he slipped away again and left mother and daughter alone for a long, long time. When ten o'clock struck, and Nanny brought the tumblers and decanters, and old-fashioned silver candlesticks that hinted it was time, at any rate for the ladies, to hie bedward, he drew his chair to the fireside too, and made Joan give him her hand.

"Do you think you will like you new home, little friend?" he asked.

Anne rose and left them together.

"Yes," Joan answered slowly. "I shall be very happy when I am used to it. But everything is so strange—I almost think I must be dreaming."

"We will try to make your dream beautiful then!"

"I have never thanked you for—for finding mother," she whispered looking into the golden embers of the dying fire. "But I can never thank you for that——"

"You must never try. All I want, all I ask, is that you try to feel I am your—friend, that you can trust me in any difficulty."

"Yes, my friend, you are indeed my friend," she sighed. "And I shall have no more difficulties now that mother is with me!" She broke off suddenly and gave a hasty glance at Paul's face.

"Well," he smiled, though his heart gave a quick, instinctive thrill of fear.

"Tell me," she said slowly and hesitatingly, "did you accomplish all you set out to do when you left me in the Tavistock Road that daybreak? You were going to deliver my message, to find out the missing name of the person who could save your friend. Have you succeeded?"

Paul might have known she would have asked these questions, yet he was prepared with no answer, and now they had come he knew other more difficult ones must follow.

But his silence was worse than any answer, for Joan peered into his face, hidden in the gloaming, and fear crept into her voice.

"Why don't you reply? Are you afraid to tell me? Don't you remember when we read the message together, you—I—thought that perhaps it referred to mother?" Her voice died away to a whisper.

Still Paul did not reply; he tried to speak, he tried to say something, anything, but his tongue was tied.

"Why did you make me leave the circus so suddenly, why have you brought me here, to your home? I was puzzled, now I am frightened. You must tell me at once, please—if you are really my friend you will tell me!"

Paul rose and stood with his back to the fire, so that it was impossible for Joan to distinguish a single feature of his face.

Then with an effort he spoke.

"I delivered the message to Molly before I did anything else; then Fate was kind and I met your uncle, Matthew Gregson, and he told me where I could find your mother. Directly I told her that you were alive and still seeking her, her joy knew no bounds—she came to you at once, and I—I had to follow to share in her joy.

"Having no settled home in London and not wanting you to remain in a circus an hour longer than necessary, I offered to—to let her this house until she found one suitable herself. And now in a day or two I am going back to London to try and find who the mysterious person referred to in Brian Maxwell's message is. There! I hope you are satisfied, little friend."

Joan sighed, and Paul was not sure whether it was a sigh of relief or of doubt. She rose presently and stood beside him.

"Have you met mother before?" she asked wistfully.

"Never," he smiled.

"Then why—why are you so kind to us?"

A sudden tremor shook Paul's body and his blood leapt in his veins, sending a warmth through his body, his body chilled with fear and deception.

He did not hesitate now, the truth would not be denied any longer. He raised his head and said very gently:

"Because I love you, Joan."

For an instant he closed his eyes, afraid to look at the little sad face.

When he opened them again he was alone.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

How the Circus Received the News.

"Where's that gal?" shrieked Mrs. Smith, emerging from the hidden recesses of the largest caravans, very much in a state of undress, with a steaming frying-pan in one hand and a slice of bacon impaled on a fork in the other.

"Where's that gal got to, John?"

"I don't know, don't worry," replied John Smith, lighting his pipe contentedly after his early morning's work and a good meal, and seating himself on an empty barrel.

"She ain't in her bed, and she ain't in the stables, and she ain't had her breakfast—and I wants someone to help me wash up," continued Mrs. Smith.

"She's all right, she's gone with Pete to give the horses a bath in the sea—probably stopped to 'ave one herself."

"Well, she won't 'ave no breakfast, when she do come," grumbled Mrs. Smith, knowing perfectly well in her heart when Joan did come she would immediately prepare her the nicest breakfast that ever was, and would wait on her hand and foot, only allowing her tongue, that enemy of her heart, the luxury of a scolding.

For some psychic reason known only to herself and the dead past, Mrs. Smith's ambition in life was to hide her real feelings for those she loved; she was ashamed and afraid of showing the least gentleness or tenderness, and all affection and kindness were disguised underneath a rough exterior and a rough tongue. Whilst her right hand fed the hungry her left hand severely chastised them!

"A worthy woman, a splendid woman," John Smith often confided to Joan, "and I'm mighty proud of her, and fond of her too, in my own selfish way, but Lord! how I do sometimes wish she'd been born dumb!"

"Here comes Pete," cried Mrs. Smith, waving the frying-pan in the direction of the road from which came the clatter of horses' hoofs. Rob dashed up wet, dusty, and panting and sniffed around excitedly.

"Hullo, Rob," said John Smith, "don't come and shake yourself over me!"

But Rob trotted quickly away to Joan's caravan, then round to the tents and back again, looked inquiringly into Mrs. Smith's face.

"What's the matter with you, you dirty little varmint?" ejaculated that lady. "I suppose you want breakfast too, don't you? Nice ways she's learning you!"

The horses had reached the circus now and Pete flung himself to the ground and approached the caravans.

"What's for breakfast?" he cried hungrily; "bacon? Hurrah, I smell fried bacon!"

"That's all you will do," replied Mrs. Smith. "Where's that lazy gal?"

"What lazy girl?" said Pete, throwing himself on the ground and fending off Rob with his feet. "Get away! What's the matter with the dog?"

"Why, Joan—ain't she been down to the sea with the horses?"

"No," said Pete, sitting up. "I left her asleep in the caravan. Ain't she—ain't she here?"

"No, she ain't," replied Mrs. Smith shortly, putting the frying-pan on the fire.

"That's why Rob's a-fidgeting," Pete said uneasily. "Where's she got to?"

"Gone bathing, of course," growled John Smith. "Don't fuss."

"Of course," said Pete, filling his pipe.

John Smith smoked, Mrs. Smith made a great noise washing up innumerable plates and drying each one twice over on the steps of the caravan whilst she watched the strip of white road across the common and Pete moodily pulled Rob's ears and tried to pacify him.

"She'll be here directly, Rob," he whispered confidingly; "she'll be here directly."

Mrs. Smith's tongue ceased to wag, and the unusual silence vaguely disturbed the two men. Presently Pete pulled out his watch.

"It's past nine o'clock," he said with attempted carelessness. "Hope she hasn't got into any mischief."

"She? Who?" asked John Smith, taking the pipe out of his mouth and digging at the tobacco with his finger. He was afraid to confess that he too felt uneasy about Joan.

Pete did not reply; he slowly rose to his feet and moved away.

"Here—don't you want no breakfast?" cried Mrs. Smith.

Pete shook his head. "Ain't hungry."

"Where are you going?" John Smith spoke now with laboured carelessness.

"Nowhere—leastways I'll jest stroll down to the sea to meet Joan."

"Tell her she won't 'ave no breakfast," cried Mrs. Smith, disappearing into the caravan.

Her husband watched Pete out of sight, knocked the ashes from his pipe, refilled and lit it.

"It's wonderful," he said aloud, addressing the world in general, "it's wonderful how that little slip of a girl has somehow crept into our hearts; why, there ain't no one in the circus as wouldn't lay down his life for her. An' to think as I found her sobbing her soul out in the hedge on the Dover Road."

"It's the only decent thing as you ever did find," snapped his wife.

"It's all very well for you to talk," continued her lord and master, "but if I hadn't acquired a taste for finding curiosities and freaks and lost hanimals and a-bringing of 'em 'ome, I should never had got hold of *her!* And where should we be now?"

"In the workhouse most likely!"

"Just so; that gal has revolutionised"—John Smith took a deep breath after successfully giving birth to such a big word and slowly repeated it with evident pride—"has rev-o-lu-tion-ised the bizness and I ain't going to forget it. We've got to do somethink for Joan!"

"A fat lot you'll do for her!"

"If it wasn't for your being my lawful wife I'd marry her," retorted Smith savagely. "That's what I'd do! Bless her little soul."

"Oh, you would, would you?" cried Mrs. Smith, appearing at the door. "Then for the first time in my life I'm grateful I *am* your wife—'cause I'm the means of saving one poor gal from lifelong misery!"

"Oh, yes, we all know you fancy yourself a blooming martyr. But as I can't marry her, Joan's got to marry someone—but I don't quite know who."

"Marry! Fiddlesticks!"

"She's the handsomest little bit of goods as ever I clapped eyes on, and I'm not going to 'ave her worried to death by a pack of lovers a-sending her bouquets and sentimental letters and things. Now poor old Pete, he's been a good boy and kept his promise though he's hard hit, he is; if she'd marry Pete I'd leave her my share in the bizness and set her up for life, and when I kicked the bucket I'd know Heppel's Circus was in good hands and that the old name would be handed down to posterity!"

He puffed a cloud of blue smoke into the calm air and it wove itself fantastically into Joan's face.

"Of course," he continued ambitiously. "If a real live lord or an earl came along Pete would have to give way. Lady Heppel's Circus would look well in print, wouldn't it? Yes, she ought to marry an earl——"

"Oh, shut your noise and do some work," admonished Mrs. Smith.

John Smith struggled to his feet and stretched himself as a small boy in uniform approached the caravan. The circus proprietor stared disapprovingly at him—small boys were a wicked invention, except at night when they had pennies in their hands!

"Where's John Smith?" said the boy loftily.

"Here," replied that individual, still more loftily.

"Telegram," said the small boy, waving an orange-coloured envelope in the air.

John Smith took it gingerly, he was not used to receiving telegrams. He turned it over and over waiting for the boy to move away.

"Well, what are yer staring at, why don't you go? You don't see nothink here without paying for it!"

"Any answer?"

"Oh, yes—of course, any answer," he repeated, tearing the envelope open and taking out the flimsy slip of paper.

He read the message half aloud, spelling out each word slowly, without understanding the meaning until he reached the last word—"Joan." Then his voice failed, he staggered and called weakly to his wife. She ran down the steps to his side and snatched the paper from his hand. She read the telegram through twice before she spoke, then with lips that had grown tight and hard, she said sharply to the boy:

"No answer."

He walked away whistling a music-hall tune. Mrs. Smith caught hold of her husband's arm.

"What's it mean?" she whispered.

"It means," he said hoarsely, "that someone has stolen her. It means—" he continued, his voice shaking with an emotion he had never experienced before—"it means that she's found someone she likes better than us—someone who'll give her something better—better than—a circus!"

He slowly sank on to the caravan steps. Mrs. Smith rested her hand on his shoulders for fully a minute whilst her thin, tightly-drawn lips moved tremblingly. But for perhaps the first time in her life not a word escaped them, and she slowly mounted the caravan and mechanically taking up a plate from the tub began to dry it on her apron.

"Gone, gone of her own free will," muttered John Smith in a

(Continued on next page.)

THE

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dazed voice, staring stupidly at the telegram his wife had let flutter to the ground. It seemed to wink sarcastically at him, as, crumpled and torn, it moved with the passage of the wind. John Smith put his heel on it with brutal passion, then suddenly he burst into a harsh laugh. His wife started, and putting down the shining plate, came to his side again and put her arms around his shoulders.

"Don't take it to heart, John," she whispered in a voice that vaguely reminded him of their courting days long years ago. "Don't take it to heart—she says she'll come back!"

"She'll never come back," he replied gruffly. "And if she did—if she did——"

"If she did? Why she'd find a room and a welcome waiting for her, wouldn't she, John?"

Mr. Smith slowly raised his head and looked at Mrs. Smith, for an instant their eyes met, and they saw each other dimly through a mist. Mr. Smith rose with an oath, and Mrs. Smith pretended to blow her nose violently in her apron.

"It's no use idling here," she cried in a shrill voice; "there's lots to be done, and one less to do it now. You'll have to just find someone—someone"—her voice cracked on a high note—"to take her place!"

"Oh, that'll be easy enough," replied her husband, trying the effect of a lie on his heart, of which that extraordinary organ took no notice.

He walked unsteadily in the direction of the tents, and was met by a man with a letter.

"I was to give this into Mr. John Smith's hands, are you he?"

Smith nodded, took the letter, and the man walked away.

He steadied himself mentally and physically before opening it.

He read Anne's note first, and an expression of relief crossed his face. Mrs. Smith, who had surreptitiously watched him from behind her apron on the caravan steps, came over to him.

"She's found her mother," he whispered. "I'm glad it's that! I suppose—she ran away—'cause she was ashamed—of us. I'm glad she's found her mother, though."

Mrs. Smith took the hastily-scrawled letter from him without a word, whilst he opened Paul's. The cheque caught his eye first, and his face flushed as he looked at it. Then he read the note quickly.

"It's a lie—she ain't found no mother," he shouted passionately. "It's a blind—he's run off with her, he's stolen her away."

"He—who?"

"That swell as met her huntin', the swell as came here and ate supper with us so condescending and polite! He's been and stolen our little girl——"

"But the letter, it's from a woman right enough."

"Here's his cheque, signed by himself for a 'undred pounds! A 'undred pounds! As if that paid for our Joan"—he took the offensive slip of paper in his hands as if to tear it up—then suddenly hesitated.

A hundred pounds! He looked at his wife.

"Do you think," he asked doubtfully, "that her mother has found her and taken her off."

Mrs. Smith nodded.

"Yes, John. Joan wouldn't have run off with a fellow and left us like this. She was a good girl—it's her mother has taken her right enough. It was the swell who found her and arranged to take her off."

"Sneaked her away," John Smith muttered savagely under his breath, "as if she was nothink to us, nothink but—but a 'undred pounds' worth of cleverness!"

Again he was tempted to tear the cheque up, but refrained.

"Hush, here comes Pete!"

Smith looked up nervously, and saw him coming dejectedly across the common, Rob following at his heels, the picture of woe. The circus proprietor was half-inclined to run away; he was abjectly afraid. Pete was no ordinary man, he was half-devil, half-angel, and when he knew Joan had gone—Smith trembled and crunched the letter in his palm as his partner reached his side.

Pete laid a heavy hand on Smith's shoulder, and his rough tanned face grew a ghastly white.

"You've heard something—about Joan. Quick, out with it. Has she—has she——"

"No, no, it's all right, Pete. Nothink ain't happened to her. Nothink serious, I mean."

"Where is she?" Pete's hand gripped Smith's shoulder in a vice.

"She's gone away, old man, for a little while—her mother's turned up and took her away."

"It's a lie! Give me those letters!"

John Smith opened his hand and Pete snatched the crumpled sheets of paper from him.

He glanced at Paul's letter, and his face worked convulsively, his eyes grew bloodshot, and the veins on his forehead stood out in knots. Before he reached the signature, his eyes lighted on the cheque; for an instant his rage choked him, then he spoke, but in a low, grating whisper:

"I knew it was a lie!"

"But, her mother's letter," Smith interrupted.

"Her lover's cheque!" hissed Pete.

He turned to Mrs. Smith.

"Give me some money quick!"

"But, Pete——"

"Money! D'ye hear?"

Mrs. Smith disappeared into the caravan, and returned with a handful of coins.

"Where are you going, Pete? Don't do nothink rash, for God's sake!"

He laughed, and the laugh was almost a relief.

"I'm going to bring her home, and I'm going to send him to h—l."

"Hush, Pete—hush!"

He turned on his heel. "Rob!"

The mongrel whined and wagged his stump.

"Are you coming with me—to find Joan?" His voice shook as he spoke her name; he turned away hastily, and faced north.

"So long, John," he called back. "If I ain't in time to save *her* and I don't ever return you'll know for sure I was in time to kill him!"

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

VALETS WHO ARE FOOTBALLERS.

Queer Positions Filled by Professionals.

A PROFESSIONAL football player, who, for various reasons, poses as an amateur, dupes his associates into the belief that he receives no salary by posing as a superior sort of stableman.

In this capacity he pretends to inspect horses, orders grooms and lads about, and holds important discussions with his employer.

The latter and a few interested gentlemen pay the captain a handsome figure weekly to keep himself trim for the football field, the situation being merely a blind to avoid violations of existing rules.

As a matter of fact the football champion does nothing—his presence is really a hindrance, and the stablemen tolerate him rather than run risk of dismissal by complaint.

A Yorkshire player, who must be paid secretly, is employed as waiter throughout the winter season at a public-house, which does a roaring trade owing to its position near the field of play. As a waiter he is a failure, for few are the glasses he carries round; he keeps the company in good humour by his rattling football stories, and when absent is missed very much by the regular attendants and occasional callers. At the conclusion of his football career he intends taking a public-house.

Another secretly paid footballer acts as valet and companion to one of his richest supporters. But the former valet has not been dismissed, though he keeps in the background as much as possible.

Were the gentleman to depend on the services of his football-playing friend, he would not turn out the spick-and-span figure that he is; while as to reading newspapers and writing letters, this work is quite out of the sportsman's element—he has never signed his own name! Withal, he passes muster as his master's valet and secretary, living a life of luxury and ease between seasons.

A weekly salary worth consideration, is received by a popular Lancashire goal-kicker for doing next to nothing when off the field. By trade, he is a shoemaker, but as the bench too frequently pinned him down when his services were required in the field, he was persuaded to kill time by acting as assistant to a veterinary surgeon. What he knows about ailing animals has quickly been acquired. Breaking limbs instead of healing them is more in his line.

As a farm labourer, an amateur captain dawdles through the week. Who, however, would give a son of the soil £4 every Saturday for smoking a pipe all day long, and lounging about the fields with folded arms? In breeches and jersey, on match days, he makes up for former idleness.

"WE WILL TRY IT."

That's What the Grocer Said.

A grocer had heard his customers praising a certain food, and one day he said: "We'll try it."

"Two years ago," said the grocer's wife, "my little daughter was very low with Typhoid fever, and we had four different physicians attending her. The last doctor we called said her stomach was as raw as a piece of beef, and that all depended on her diet. We failed to find food that she could digest, and we were so discouraged. We thought she could not live.

"My husband has a grocery store, and said: 'I have a food very highly recommended called Grape-Nuts. We'll try that.' So he brought some Grape-Nuts home, and I fed the child a teaspoonful three times a day in cream, and as she began to improve almost immediately, I increased the amount to two teaspoonfuls. In six weeks she looked like another girl, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and healthy.

"She was a mere skeleton when we commenced to use Grape-Nuts food, but it was not long before so many said, 'My! how fine she looks to have been so sick. What cause it?' And I tell them all Grape-Nuts surely saved her life. She is now perfectly well and strong, and still enjoys Grape-Nuts, and said to me to-day, 'Oh, Mamma, write and tell them what Grape-Nuts did for me.'" Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe Lane, E.C.

Exposure to dampness sometimes makes Grape-Nuts soft and unpalatable, but a few minutes in a warm oven will restore the original crispness and flavour.

A FOOD LESSON

That will Never be Forgotten.

A young lady says: "I was ill for over a year with what the doctors called Typhoid-Malarial fever, and had cold sweats most all that time. I had a tremendous appetite, and was allowed to eat anything I pleased, until my stomach finally gave out so that I could not even take toast-water without its fermenting and giving me much misery and distress.

"I became discouraged and down-hearted after several years passed without getting well; in fact, I only convalesced sufficiently to be taken out for a short drive each day, and was always brought back so tired that I would resolve not to go again. I lost over fifty pounds. Changing physicians, I was advised to go to the mountains, and finally did so. At my boarding-house a lady at the table ordered Grape-Nuts for breakfast. I had never heard of it before, so I asked her about the food, and she told me it had done her much good, and suggested that I order some, which I did. I liked it, and used it while I stayed there several weeks, and found, to my surprise, that it agreed with my delicate stomach. I soon began to feel better nourished, and got so strong I could take long walks and not feel tired. My weight began to come back, and that haggard look vanished from my face.

"I found that Grape-Nuts was just what I needed, and when I returned home I still continued using it, and for more than two years now I have hardly ever missed a day without eating Grape-Nuts. After my friends saw what Grape-Nuts did for me it was not hard to persuade them to give the food a trial.

"To sum up, I am now better than I have felt for a number of years, can work all day and sleep all night, and I eat quite heartily almost any food after I have made my breakfast of Grape-Nuts and rich cream. I have gained back all the weight that I want, and am now happy and contented." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe Lane, E.C.

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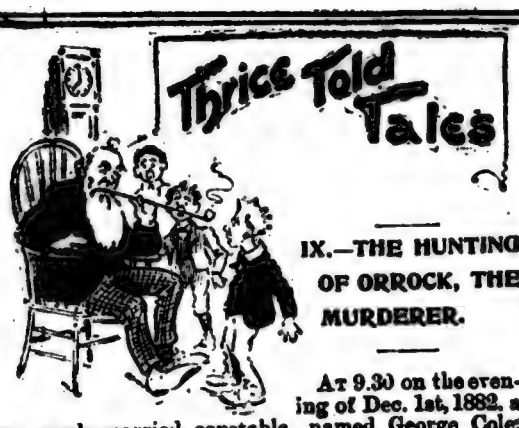


IX.—THE HUNTING OF ORROCK, THE MURDERER.

At 9.30 on the evening of Dec. 1st, 1882, a young newly-married constable, named George Cole, went on duty in Ashwin Street, Dalston.

It was a dirty night, with a thick fog hanging low. Few pedestrians were about, and those few were, for the most part, hurrying homewards or about their business. Perhaps it was for that very reason that Cole paid more than ordinary attention to the movements of a slouching figure, that, just as ten was striking, skulked by without apparently seeing him, and disappeared in the direction of the Baptist Chapel that stood halfway up the street.

At all events, the young officer followed the stranger, treading softly, and was rewarded by coming upon him just as he was in the act of breaking into the edifice in question.

A fierce struggle ensued, and the constable was rapidly getting the best of it, when the burglar whipped out a revolver and fired four shots in quick succession. The first two went too high. The third buried itself in the officer's truncheon. While the fourth and last pierced his brain. When, less than a minute afterwards, two other constables came running up, attracted by the firing, they found their comrade lying dead in the gutter and

no trace of his assailant.

There, so far as the outside public knew at the time, the matter rested. But, as it happened, there had been picked up near the scene of the tragedy certain incriminatory articles—a low felt hat, a cabinet-maker's chisel with a wooden handle, a small cold chisel, and a boxwood wedge.

Various people, too, had caught a more or less hurried glimpse of the murderer. A girl named Elizabeth Bucknell had, indeed, actually witnessed the commencement of the struggle, but had run, screaming for assistance, into Dalston Lane, and so had not been present at the firing of the fatal shot.

She described the aggressor as short and dark, and as wearing a long black overcoat and grey trousers. Mr. Bucknell, who caught sight of the man as he was running away, corroborated his daughter in these particulars, and added that the suspect was young—"not apparently over twenty, or, at the most, twenty-five years of age." A man named Shepherd also had noticed the criminal loitering about prior to the tragedy, but all he could add to the above was that

he had upon his head a wideawake hat.

Such were the "raw materials," so to speak, available. A couple of chisels, an old hat, and a description of personal appearance by three people, who admitted they would not be able to identify the criminal if they saw him again face to face.

But the police were upon their mettle. One of their comrades had been brutally murdered, in the execution of his duty. Every man in the force was, consequently, ready to do all he could, without hope of fee or reward. Two of the smartest officers in the "Yard," Detective-Inspector Glass and Sergeant Cobb, took up the case as a labour of love, and patiently followed such slender clues as they had unflaggingly, day by day, week by week, month by month, and, for the most part, in their spare time.

It was evident from the first that they had to deal with no ordinary criminal; and so, indeed, it proved, when he was at last safely caged, and the facts of

the case became public property.

For this miscreant murderer, this Thomas Henry Orrock, was one of the worst kind of burglars that can be imagined. By day he followed a legitimate trade, and acted as if he were a citizen of virtue and piety; but at night he transformed himself into something worse than a dangerous wild beast, determined to prey upon society at large, and ready to use his teeth if molested.

He was even a regular attendant at a chapel—the very place of worship, in fact, he had planned to rob. Evidently, too, he had utilised the knowledge of the whereabouts of the communion plate, obtained while engaged in his hypocritical devotions, for it was proved at the trial he had intimated to a companion some time previously that he meant "nicking the Bible-thumper's silver."

His effrontery was unbounded. He attended the funeral of the policeman he had so ruthlessly shot down, and, within a few weeks of the crime, married a young lady who had also been a member of the congregation of the chapel.

And all this time he was living his strange double life. By day a sober, industrious, and respectable workman! By night a burglar! Doubtless, the last thing he ever imagined was that he should be called to account for the murder of which he had been guilty; and yet all the while the net of circumstantial evidence, that was destined to bring him to the gallows, was closing around him.

Upon one of the chisels found near the chapel had been roughly scratched certain letters that were, to the naked eye, well-nigh undecipherable. Photographed and enlarged, however, they resolved themselves into R O C K.

Pursuing their inquiries, the detectives discovered an old widow lady, who kept a small general shop, and who was in the habit of adding to her income by taking in tools to sharpen. To her the chisel was submitted, an unusually powerful magnifying glass being also requisitioned.

"Yes," she remarked, after a long and careful scrutiny, "she knew the chisel. It belonged to a customer of hers, a young man of the name of Orrock."

The tool was taken away, and again photographed, larger and more sensitive plates being used. On the negatives, when developed, there stood out plainly the full name, the two first letters "O R" very faint and just discernible, the last four

as plain as plain could be.

All these inquiries had been pursued as quietly and discreetly as possible, but not so quietly and discreetly as not to alarm the murderer, who thereupon did what he doubtless regarded as a very clever and cunning thing.

Quitting his home and his young wife and the neighbourhood where he was known, he journeyed to a distant suburb, broke into a warehouse, made up a bundle of "swag," waited until a policeman came round, and then jumped almost into his arms. He refused to give any account of himself, was tried and convicted under an assumed name, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. So, later on, when the police were searching for him high and low, he was quietly doing "time" in the Coldbathfields Prison.

Meanwhile, the detectives engaged on the case redoubled their efforts. They knew now the man that did the deed, and, although he had disappeared for the time being, they did not despair of sooner or later discovering his whereabouts.

But, first, they wanted more evidence—evidence such as would convince twelve good men and true—evidence upon which these twelve selfsame men would not hesitate to

condemn a fellow-creature to death.

And this evidence, in the end, and after much labour, they obtained. First it was remembered that a young man named Miles had offered to run for a doctor on the night of the tragedy, and that this same Miles was a friend of Orrock. It was also ascertained that both Miles and another young man by the name of Evans were in Orrock's company during some portion of the same evening. Thereupon, they were approached by the detectives, and invited to give an account of their own and their companion's movements.

At first they flatly refused; but, later on, threatened with immediate arrest as accomplices, their fortitude gave way, and they hastened to tell all they knew.

Yes, they had been with Orrock nearly all the day, and at night had waited for him in the "Railway Tavern" in Ashwin Street, while he went to "crack the parson's crib." They had heard, too, the four shots, but took them for fog signals. Later on, of course, they realised their mistake. But they were not going, as Evans bluntly put it, "to round on a pal"; and, curiously enough, the subsequent offer by the authorities of a reward of £200, in connection with the affair, only

confirmed them in this determination.

One more link was wanted in the chain of evidence, and this was quickly forthcoming. Another friend of Orrock's, a man named Mortimer, had been with him when the revolver, with which the murder was afterwards committed, was purchased.

It was bought at Tottenham, and on the way home Orrock had stopped to test it, firing two shots at a tree on the marshes.

"Could he point out the tree?" Mortimer was asked. "Yes. He could, and would."

Accordingly he was taken to the spot, and identified a small willow. This was cut down, and there, sure enough, embedded in its heart, were two bullets. They were taken out, and found to correspond exactly with the one previously removed from the dead constable's brain.

The real hunt for Orrock himself now commenced, and, although it lasted some time, he was found at last. He was put upon his trial at the Old Bailey on September 19th, 1884, found guilty after a long and patient hearing, sentenced to death, and in due course executed.

The evidence given by Miles and Evans brought about the abolition of the custom of offering rewards for the apprehension of unknown offenders, for they both roundly swore that its only effect in this case, so far as they personally were concerned, was to confirm their determination not to "sell their pal."

[Next Article: "Jem, the Penman."]

"There's only one thing the Armless Wonder can't do with his feet," said the showman.

"What's that?" asked a spectator.

"Put on his gloves," answered the showman.

ONE MORE CHANCE.

He was a flirt, and a male flirt never gets a kick amiss. The harder you hit him the better.

He asked the girl to marry him.

"No," she said, promptly and firmly.

He became theatrical.

"You have crushed my life at one blow," he murmured hoarsely.

"I fancy not," she responded.

"Ah, but you do not know," he insisted. "You have killed me—killed me!"

"Well, if I have," she remarked, coolly, "you must be a cat; for I know seven other girls who have done the same thing, and you are not dead yet. You've got one more chance."

"It's a long way for a shilling," remarked the cab-driver, looking sulkily at his proper fare.

"I know it is," said the youth, quietly. "If it had not been, I should have walked."

"My wife doesn't seem to be progressing, doctor," remarked the anxious husband.

"No," answered the physician; "when she gains a little strength she uses it all up trying to tell her friends what's the matter with her."

"Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families," quotes the apologetic one.

"Perhaps," concedes the other sourly; "but it isn't any sign that a family is well regulated just because it makes a lot of mistakes."

ALREADY DECIDED.

"My dear," whispered the young man, "as we are so soon to be married, we should take a practical view of life, and profit by the mistakes of others. For instance, there is the subject of a regular allowance every week for spending-money, you know."

"Oh, I've thought of that," she replied sweetly.

"Have you?"

"Yes, indeed, hundreds and hundreds of times; and lately I haven't thought of much else."

"Eh?"

"Yes. Your income is £400, isn't it?"

"Yes, and I want it to go as far as possible towards your happiness."

"Of course. Well, I've talked it over with mamma, and she thinks an allowance of five shillings a week will be plenty."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes. You can walk to the office, you know, and carry your lunch, you know, and so you can use the whole five shillings for cigars, and neckties, and things."

Bertha: "What is the height of your ambition, dear?"

Marie (blushing): "Oh, something between five and a-half and six feet."

Tommy: "Ma, can I play makin' believe I'm entertaining another little boy?"

Mamma: "Yes, dear, of course!"

Tommy: "Then you must give me some cake for him!"

She: "They haven't found a name for that baby in the flat upstairs yet."

He: "The one that cries so?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's strange! The neighbours have called it everything they could think of."

BREATHING AND COURAGE.

The importance of learning to breathe properly has often been insisted on by medical men, who tell us that we shall be healthier if we habitually take deep breaths and thus completely fill our lungs; but deep breathing is now put forward as a courage-reviver.

When the prospect looks rather black, and there is an insidious suggestion somewhere within you that the best thing you can do is to go to the Antipodes and make a fresh start; when you have an attack of the blues, and dread to open your morning letters lest one shall contain information that will upset some of your happy plans; then you had better go into the open, or approach an open window, stand with your arms akimbo (in order to give your chest full play), and take deep breaths.

Breathe through the nose and exhale through the mouth slowly. Do this several times, inhaling till your lungs will not hold more; every time you do it, you will find that you can take in a little more than you did the last time. Go back to your letters again, and you will be inclined to laugh at your fears. Do this as a regular thing, and fear will not trouble you.

In verification of this statement, everyone knows how a walk in the open—even a quiet amble round a villa garden path—will "put life into you" on a fresh morning; it is because more oxygen gets into the lungs. If you practise deep breathing, you get more oxygen as a regular thing, and your courage does not play tricks with you.

No child anxious to get on in life should miss the offer made by the Editor of THE BOYS' LEADER.

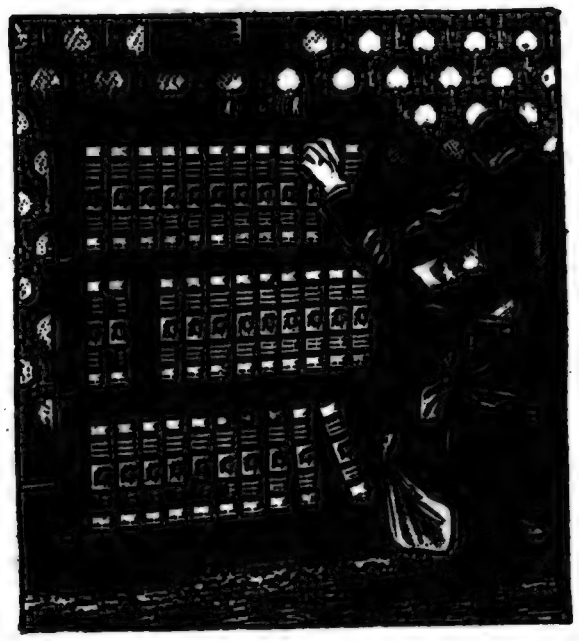
This is..

The Last Time

readers of "Pearson's Weekly" will be able to use the Inquiry Form which, at a cost of one half-penny in postage, will bring the fullest information regarding the newly-completed Encyclopædia Britannica, for only a few days intervene between now and December 19th when the offer by "The Times" of the 35 volumes at less than half-price and for instalment payments will be absolutely withdrawn.

If you linger and postpone and procrastinate, it is quite possible that you thereby throw away your last chance of obtaining a work which you cannot afford to be without—unless after December 19th you will be in a position to order it through your bookseller, paying for it not less than £57 in a lump sum. Much may happen within the next few days. "The Times" office is being inundated with orders by every mail, and as the stock in hand is being rapidly exhausted, it is exceedingly probable that those who delay ordering until the last moment will make application only to be disappointed.

Using the Inquiry Form means that you will get the fullest particulars of the offer—particulars which it is quite impossible to give in this limited space. Using the Inquiry Form means that you will get by return of post a book of 220 pages telling you exactly what you may expect to find in the 35 volumes. Every man, it may be safely assumed, has at this time of day at least a vague idea that he would be the better to have in his possession a copy of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The lack of definiteness in his idea is simply due to the fact that he has not yet put himself in a position to obtain the fullest information. No one can realise how indispensable the volumes are until he has seen this descriptive book. The 220 pages contain reading for two or three evenings, but the briefest glance through its contents will be sufficient to convince you of the extreme value of the great work of which it gives only the merest outline. As you look through its pages you will recognise that the Encyclopædia Britannica is indeed the treasury of the collective wisdom of all the ages right up to 1902, and the short extracts from the original articles will bring home to you that this vast inheritance of wisdom and knowledge assumes such a form as to be readily accessible to all. The language is simple, repellent technicalities are avoided, and the charm of the style of the writer—in each case one of the master-men of our time—carries the reader on and on so that he insensibly and unconsciously assimilates the knowledge that all should know.



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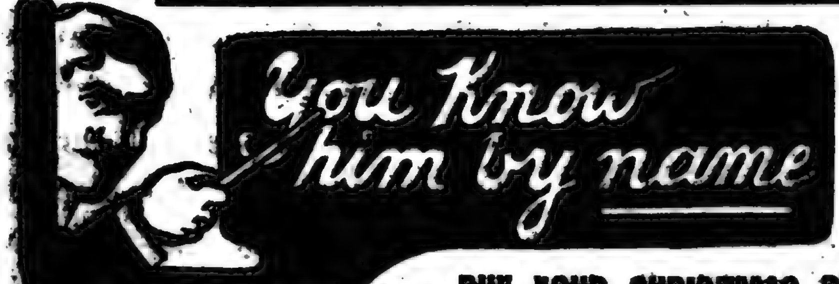

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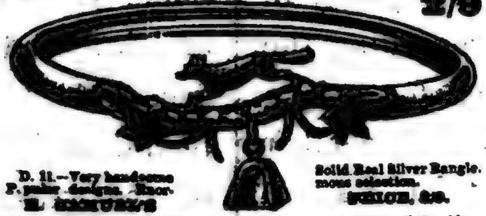

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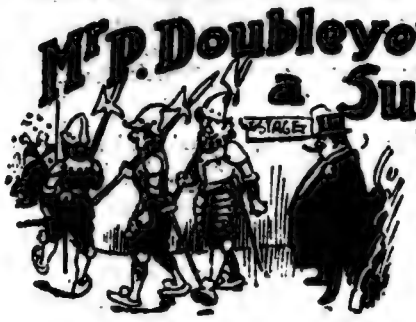

My Experiences in a Stage Crowd at His Majesty's Theatre.

SINCE my trials as the latter half of a pantomime donkey, I have had no serious return of stage fever. The other day, however, a performance of *Richard II.* at His Majesty's Theatre brought it on again with complications.

I suddenly became mediæval in speech, uppish in manner, and swaggering in gait. I wanted to go on the stage again, but this time in a swell sort of way. I had envious eyes on those armoured knights. But I should not tell the Editor. He has no ideals, and might once more suggest pantomime, of which I had quite enough last year.

So I swaggered into Mr. Tree's Temple of Romance, and told the stage manager that if he wanted an additional adornment to his piece, he had better take me on. I had, by the way, dressed myself in a respectable, poor-but-honest fashion, so as not to give myself a too opulent air.

He looked me up and down in a shrewd, stage-managery fashion, and said:

"We want another super. Take it if you like, and

come to-night, 7.15."

I took it at once. The pay was to be two shillings for a performance, which, including a Saturday matinée, would amount to fourteen shillings a week. I learnt afterwards that, had I enlisted as an "extra gentleman," I should have been better paid. This personage has the same to do as a super, but, being somewhat more "tony," is classified as an actor, and paid a salary of from 25s. a week upwards.

At quarter-past seven I appeared at the stage door, and was entered in a book, and given my number. This is for purposes of checking one's attendance. A list is read over during dressing. If anybody is absent it costs him his job, unless he has most vital reasons. Lateness is merely reprimanded at this theatre.

I was taken downstairs to the supers' dressing-room. It is not in some hidden part of the building, as one might think, for His Majesty King Richard and Bolingbroke themselves are next door neighbours.

I had never disrobed and robed in a room of eighty people before I went on to the romantic stage. That was about the number of supers who finally appeared in the dressing-room. Sometimes, as in *Julius Cæsar*,

there have been 120 in that room.

The room itself was large enough, however. There were five or six washing bowls between us, and we shared seats on three rows of benches. The place was littered with armour, clothes, swords, helmets, tights, blouses, and other quaint things. I have never seen such an array, even when house-moving. The smell of a camphor disinfectant was everywhere. My fellow supers in their ordinary clothes all looked of the same type—poor, but honest. Most of them were actually in employment, as I learnt, some of the strangest kind. One was a bird fancier, another a second-hand Jewish clothes' dealer, nicknamed "Iky"; others had been commercial travellers, silversmiths, valets, or clerks, who had been unfortunate. Amongst the number is the ex-mayor of a provincial town!

The gentleman who plays a monk's part earns his chief subsistence as a Covent Garden fruit carrier in the day. One, however, is an "actor man" of the old school. There is nothing of Shakespeare he does not recite marvellously. He has played parts, too, in his time. Once he acted a tea-pot, chatting in pantomime with a whisky bottle. But he has nowadays lost all ambition, so is content with being a super. Nevertheless, he could show Irving and Tree

a thing or two, if so minded.

I was given my costume by a kindly personage, who is known as the super-master. He has to look after us and our clothes. It was armour, after all, so honour was satisfied. I had to wear a grey jersey and tights, covered with chain armour, with boots strapped on to the lower portion. The armour was, as a matter of fact, cord and painted silver.

I felt nervous and hot, but a super friend assured me that I should soon get used to it. Everybody recognised me as a novice, of course, and the questions I was asked as to my life, character, and general morals reminded me of my first day at school.

I was told not to be frightened, as I should not be much on the stage. The first scene in which we were to appear was the Lists at Coventry. When the King entered, we had to stand behind a fence and greet him with cries of loyalty, and cheers for his great rival and successor, Bolingbroke. Then we should have to be in the wings at other scenes, to shout and murmur from behind. But in the last scene of Act II., I was told, we should have a "lark."

There was slight trouble on my first appearance on the stage. I trespassed. Between the first act and the second the scene is changed from the garden to the Lists at Coventry, when the crowd has to stand behind a fence and shout. I found myself in front of the fence, a few seconds before the rise of the curtain, with no exit.

Then a gorgeous personage in armour came and shouldered me off. I was glad, for I should have been very nervous had the curtain gone up on me alone. I prefer Shakespeare's own arrangements of those things.

I scrambled through a crowd of knights and restive horses, and walked straight into Bolingbroke, gorgeously attired in gold armour, and looking fearfully majestic. He looked at me with a sardonic and awful smile. I fled. From what I know of his character in history, I imagine he is not quite the kind of person to quarrel with. Neither is Mr. Oscar Asche, the impersonator.

"Don't you get in *his* way," said a super, "or you'll know it." I didn't any more.

Mine was a shouting part in the second scene. We were at liberty to shout anything we liked, but chiefly "Long live Richard," "Long live the Queen," and "Long live Bolingbroke," according to the order

in which those characters entered.

After the scene in which Richard stops the fight between Bolingbroke and Mowbray, we had to change our cries of loyalty to those of anger and muffled curses. We did this thoroughly. Some of the things said about the king by profane supers made me blush. Others made extraordinary noises. But the lustiest super of all was a huge gramophone.

It shouted with us in "Long live the King," and then, being a bit of an actor itself, it suddenly changed its opinions, and called "Down with Richard," "Long live Bolingbroke," and so on. We had to watch that gramophone. If we stopped a second before it ceased, there would be trouble. A gramophone shouting out by itself would sound funny to the audience.

We had nearly an hour before next going on duty. Then we had to go and murmur and talk behind the scenes at Flint Castle for a few minutes, to represent the soldiers in camp. When the King appears, we had to greet him with cries of "Come Down,"

and more strong language.

I was told that Mr. Tree likes the abusing of himself to be realistic, but not vulgar. We waited silently during one scene in the wings, and then came our "lark" scene—that is, in a London street.

We simply had to lose control of ourselves with rejoicing for Bolingbroke, whose arrival in London we awaited. We danced and shouted. Girls hung on my neck without warning. One of them who was doing a stick dance brought her weapon in violent contact with my head. We played jokes with a gentleman who has the part of a drunkard, until he protested that his wig was coming down.

Soldiers, knights, and attendants come on, followed by Bolingbroke on horseback. We had to greet this personage joyously, and the girls flung flowers at him, and ran after him. Later on the downfallen Richard enters on horseback, and we must chase him, and groan at him, and hurl epithets at him, as, looking very glum, he rides through

on the way to Westminster Hall.

Three minutes' interval, and I, and about thirty others had to quick-change into the robes of monks or peers. I had a coarse canvas blanket affair given me, with hood attached, and had to take my seat on a bench to be present at the trial of King Richard.

As a monk, my sympathies had to veer round again, and I had to murmur pity for the king. My political opinions have never gone through so many violent changes as in that night, not even on the fiscal question.

For the last scene—that is, the tableau of Henry's coronation—I had to become a civilian once more, and cry out, "Long live King Henry."

Directly the last curtain fell, everybody made a mad rush for the exit. Peers, priests, bishops, choirs, acolytes, all made a bee-line for the dressing-room in very undignified haste, and some of the language used by the clerics did not seem at all right.

I did not continue as a "super" after that night, but if my method of life could be carried on at fourteen shillings weekly, I really should not mind taking it on again.

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SHOPPERS TRADESMEN CAN'T SERVE.

Everyday Articles you can't Get in Small Quantities.

HAVE you ever discovered when walking down the street in your best clothes, that a button is off your coat? You perhaps are on a mission which requires your appearance to be faultless. That button must be sewn on, but how and where? There may not be a clothes' repairing shop within miles. You enter a drapers' shop, to buy—what?

"A button, please, and a needle and cotton," you say.

The assistant looks simply dumfounded. The idea of a customer wanting such a trifle has never entered his professional head. Yet how often is one likely to want such a thing!

You can buy a dozen buttons, if you like, but not one. As to the needle and cotton, the assistant will sell you an excellent packet of needles, and a substantial reel of cotton, for twopence. He cannot, however, "make" you a purchase of one needle and one thread of cotton.

These are the times when one sighs for that much abused person, the dishonest tradesman. At that moment, you would willingly have paid threepence for one needle and cotton and one button, but, alas! nobody is nigh to act as your cheat in need.

Your life's happiness, too, might depend on your possession of a pin. But what man could enter a shop and ask to buy one? A substantial packet will be sold you for one penny, but not the harmless necessary one pin. So you go in and buy something you do not want at all, just as a covering excuse for the request to be "obliged" with a pin.

Luggage labels, too, baffle one. I never yet knew a man who stocked them at home, or if he did, who knew where to find one when wanted. Your bag is packed, but you have no label. You would pay a penny willingly for one. But no tradesman will let you out of his shop without foisting a whole packet on you, which you will certainly lose. You can, of course, buy a single label at a railway station, but you may not be near one at the time.

Smoking man has long since ceased to become a woman-hater, for the simple reason that woman is the prime cause of hairpins. These are the most efficient pipe-cleaners in existence. But who would have the courage—or the opportunity—to go in and ask for one hairpin of a ladies' draper? You could buy a packet, and encounter the smiles of a shop full of damsels, but never the solitary one hairpin which is needful for the smoke of the moment.

You are a teetotaller and a dyspeptic, let us say. Alcohol you spurn on moral grounds, other beverages on doctor's orders. Yet you thirst, and would give "worlds" for a glass of water. This, however, is not a saleable article. Try going into an inn or restaurant, and asking for a glass of water, and you become an object of derision.

Most people would happen on the idea of buying at the same time a biscuit. But what tradesman will retail you one biscuit? You can take a quarter or a half pound, but not one.

The other day I was saddled with a library book that I wished to send off from a town through which I was passing. Yet the small piece of paper and string needful to me were unobtainable. I could purchase from a stationer a vast sheet of brown paper and a ball of string for twopence, but not just the amount I wanted to send off the book.

At another time, a button came off a pair of patent leather boots I was wearing on the way to an "at home." I simply must replace it, but how? Bootmakers would not sell me one solitary boot button. A friendly assistant, however, volunteered to sew it on for me, to which I agreed. On asking him "how much"? I was greeted with that fatal remark:

"Oh, nothing for that, sir—or just as you like."

You know what that "just as you like" means. It varies according to the pride of the other man. Anyhow, it cannot be less than sixpence—that is, about fifty times the value of your purchase.

A cork has come out of a bottle, and you must replace it. Where are you to buy a cork, please? A tradesman might oblige you with one while you are purchasing something else—but the cork is not a saleable article unless bought in large quantities. An empty bottle, too, is a thing which can only be obtained on the "obliging" basis.

A safety pin may be necessary to your own personal safety, yet should you seek to buy a small one, you would be faced again with the horrible generosity of tradesmen. They would give you one, perhaps, but the fraction of a penny at which it is valued is not coined, so payment is impossible. And yet so much may depend on possession of this little trifle!

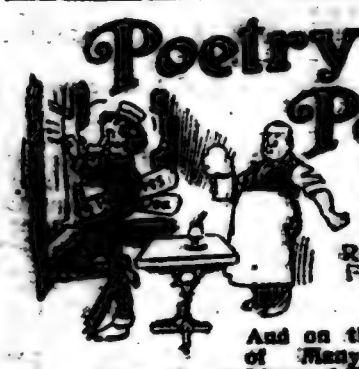
If readers wish for a few more cases of articles for which one cannot shop, I append herewith a list:

A rubber band, a cigarette paper, a match, an oyster, a shrimp, a periwinkle, a Brazil nut, a clothes peg, and a tintack.

And yet at certain moments in one's life these articles might supply a vital want. Tradesmen who are abreast of the times should cater more for that eccentric but numerous class of people—the man who suddenly wants something.

"Practice Strokes at Billiards" may be had of all booksellers, or post free for 1s. 2d. from The Book Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Poetry on Panes



Verses that have been Written on Windows.

Robert Burns was Fond of this Sort of Scribbling.

And on the Window Panes of Many Old Inns are Interesting "Diamond Writings."

MANY inns and old houses cherish windows on whose panes have been scratched rhymes, verses, and epigrams by people who afterwards became, or who were at the time, more or less famous.

"Bobbie" Burns was a great "offender" in this respect—one wonders where he procured the necessary diamond—and several of his glass-borne rhymes have been preserved to this day. Perhaps the following, inscribed on a window at the "Queensberry Arms," Sanquhar, is one of the best:—

Envy, if thy jaundiced eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy sorrow, thou wilt find
All that's generous, all that's kind:
Virtue, friendship, every grace
Dwelling in this happy place.

It was on a window of the old "Globe Inn," Dumfries—a favourite resort of his—that he inscribed the well-known tribute to the beauty of the young daughter of the factor of Closeburn estate, near Ellisland:—

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.

On another occasion the poet was dining at the inn at Moffat, when "the charming lovely Davies" of one of his songs rode by, accompanied by a lady tall and portly. A friend who was with him asked why God made the one lady so large and the other so little. Whereupon Burns scratched the following on the pane at his elbow:—

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

No one has apologised more prettily for those of "scrimpit stature."

The above by no means exhausts the stock of "Bobbie's" window-pane poetry; but it may be as well to state that the well-known and exceedingly pretty little conceit beginning "A fitting place is window glass," is not believed by the best judges to have been original with Burns, although often quoted as his, and even included in some editions of the poet's works.

There are, in fact, several versions of the epigram itself; and it has doubtless been inscribed on innumerable windows. Here is one of them in full:—

A fitting place is window glass
To write the name of humie lass:
A wee thing dings the lozenge pane,
A wee thing mars a maiden's fame.

Something of a similar idea, by the bye, has been caught by the anonymous postaster who scribbled the following on the bar-parlour window of a certain South London tavern, greatly affected by the "lesser lights" of the "profession":—

The rich man's name embellished stands on brass;
The player simply scribbles his on glass,
Appropriate tablet to his wayward fate—
A brittle, shining, evanescent state:
The fragile glass destroyed—farewell the name;
The actor's skill defunct—farewell his fame.

A verselet which is both amusing and true may be seen on a window-pane in a hostelry in the Lake District, in the neighbourhood of the Langdale Pikes. It runs as follows:—

Little bits of Langdales,
Little bits of Pikes,
Make the little tourists
Walk their little bikes.

Some few years back the writer transcribed the following from the "parlour" window of a small and thoroughly uncomfortable inn not a hundred miles from Killarney. It was beautifully inscribed in tiny but perfectly legible Roman characters, and was probably the work of an idle hour on a wet morning, after a breakfast wherein the eternal rasher was the chief dish:—

To visit here I fear was rash,
And now I'm going away,
Because, forsooth, it dawns on me
It's rasher every day.

On one of the bedroom windows of an old-fashioned commercial house in Newcastle are the following flattering lines:—

From Land's End to Berwick although I may roam,
In this house alone have I e'er found a home;
And if I desert it, a'en for a wife,
May I remain homeless the rest of my life.

The following, inscribed on the coffee-room window of a Thames-side tavern, was promptly removed by the landlord, who, however, still preserves the cut-out pane as a curiosity behind the bar:—

I told the waiter James
To fetch me for my pickin',
Some Beaune of '87
And a tender little chicken.
He took my order in a trice;
But as I hope for Heaven,
The wine was bottled in the spring,
The bird was '87.

After this libel—let us assume it was a libel—it is refreshing to recall that the most famous tribute ever paid to a tavern, had reference to another Thames-side hostelry, the well-known "Red Lion," at Henley. Here, on a pane of glass in the parlour window, Shenstone wrote as follows:—

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from Fakehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodging at an inn.
Who e'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Whate'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

In the old coaching days the "Dog and Doublet," at Sandon, Staffordshire, was an exceedingly popular house. A guest wrote on one of its window-panes the following recommendation:—

Most travellers to whom these roads are known,
Would rather stay at Sandon than at Stone!
Good chaises, horses, treatment, and good wines,
They always meet with at James Ballantine's.

The longest piece of window-pane poetry in existence was written by a Miss Taylor, of Purwell Hall, Batley, Yorkshire, and is dated 1838. The story is that the young lady loved a gallant, who did not meet with the approval of her friends, that they shut her up in this particular room of the old Hall, and that on the glass of its one window she set down the story of her woes as follows:—

Come, gentle Muse, wont to divert
Corroding cares from anxious heart;
Adjust me now to bear the smart
Of unrelenting, angry dart.
What though no friend I have on earth,
Though near the place that gave me birth;
And kindred less regard do pay
Than mere Acquaintance of to-day!
Know, what the best of men declare,
That they on earth but strangers are;
Nor matters it a few years hence
How fortune did to thee dispense.
If—in a palace thou hast dwelt,
Or—in a cell penury felt—
Ruled as a prince—served as a slave,
Six feet of earth is all thou'lt have.
Hence give my thoughts a nobler theme,
Since all the world is but a dream
Of short endurance.

To this day many publicans in remote rural districts keep their customers' scores with chalk on the back of the bar-parlour door. Hence "chalk" has become the slang term for "credit," and this fact explains the use of the word in the following verse, written by an evidently impecunious poet on the window of a wayside inn in Herts:—

O chalk! to me, and to the poor, a friend,
On Thee my life and happiness depend;
On Thee with joy, with gratitude I think,
For, by thy bounty, I both eat and drink.

The following lines are copied from the window of an inn situated between Northallerton and Boroughbridge, and are said to have been composed by a certain genial old Yorkshire parson, who, for over forty years, used to visit the place daily to enjoy his pipe and his glass:—

Here in my wicker chair I sit,
From folly far, and far from wit,
Content to live, void of care,
With country folks and country fare;
To listen to my landlord's tale,
And drink his health in Yorkshire ale;
Then smoke, and read the YORK COURANT;
I'm happy, and 'tis all I want.
Though few my tithes, and light my purse,
I thank my God it is no worse.

What a striking contrast to the above lines, breathing as they do contentment and good fellowship, are the following, inscribed, it is said, by Sheridan, on an inn-parlour window at Mold, in Flintshire:—

Were I to curse the man I hate
From youth till I grow old,
Oh, might he be condemned by Fate
To live his life in Mold.

The following, from the window of an ancient wayside inn near Harewood Bridge, on the Leeds and Harrogate road, prettily embodies an exceedingly pretty sentiment:—

Gaily I lived, as Fate and Nature taught,
And passed my Little Life without a thought;
I wonder, then, why Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

In the coffee-room of a certain Surrey hostelry, much beloved of cyclists, is a window designed by innumerable autographs of notabilities; and in the middle of the centre pane, very noticeable amongst the maze of signatures, is the following neat little epigram:—

Should you ever chance to see
A man's name writ on glass,
Be sure he owns a diamond,
And his parents own an ass.

If everybody thought as did the writer of the above, many innkeepers would doubtless have been saved much vexation of soul. But then this article would never have been written, and the heart of the writer thereof would never have been gladdened by the guineas it will bring.

'Tis an ill wind that blows no good.

DO YOU COLLECT ORANGE-WRAPPERS?

How the Packings of the Fruit Form a Record of Important Events.

A COLLECTION at once curious and unique, belongs to a certain London fruit importer, who possesses more than 1,200 little squares of variously-coloured tissue paper, each one of which bears a quaint inscription or device.

For many years Italian and Spanish fruit packers have been in the habit of enveloping their oranges and lemons in wrappers, adorned with queer little drawings, their object, of course, being to add to the attractive appearance of their fruit.

The fruit wrappers in the collection are contained in an album, and each one is labelled with the date and the name of the town from which it came. A glance at the collection is a veritable commentary on British history during the past five-and-twenty years.

One of the earliest specimens depicts a naked black man carrying an umbrella. Beneath it is the word "Cettivayo." The wrapper dates from the time of the Zulu War. The "Gordon" brand of lemons came from Palermo in 1888, and the wrapper-souvenir bears the likeness of a man wearing a fez, which portrait, but for the inscription "General Gordon," might equally well be taken for the Sultan of Turkey.

When the King, then Prince of Wales, won the Derby with Persimmon, a brand of oranges bearing that name almost immediately made its appearance on the British market. The fruit came from Valencia, and each orange was wrapped in tissue paper, stamped in Royal purple with what purported to be a likeness of the Royal thoroughbred.

Mr. Gladstone's portrait graced the wrappers of a consignment of lemons known as the "G. O. M.," and King Edward's likeness at the present time adorns all Valencia fruit shipped to Britain under the mark "King Edward VII."

One of the quaintest specimens in the orange-and-lemon-wrapper collection dates from the early days of the Boer War. It enveloped a lemon of the "Conqueror" brand, and the picture which adorns it shows a gigantic Tommy Atkins, armed with a rifle, standing guard over the crouching figures of Presidents Steyn and Kruger, who are, apparently, chained together with leg-irons.

Another wrapper—that of the "Semper Primus" (always first) brand—displays a rather more elaborate design than is usually met with on the tissue paper coverings of fruit.

John Bull is seen perched among the branches of an orange tree. With both hands he is stuffing the fruit into his mouth. His pockets are bulging with oranges, and a sack (made out of a Union Jack) which he has slung over his shoulder, is also full of the fruit. At the foot of the tree, in various attitudes of begging, are figures representing France, Germany, and Uncle Sam.

Ample testimony to the impression that English policemen make upon the foreigner is afforded by another specimen in the collection. It is an orange wrapper, bearing the portrait of a policeman, armed with a long sword! The picture is labelled "London's Pride."

Portuguese oranges of the "Alliance" brand bear portraits of Kings Carlos and Edward VII., hand in hand, each waving aloft the other's national flag.

The "Army and Navy" is a Valencia brand, the wrappers of which are stamped with crossed flags. One of the most recent additions to the collection comes from the same place, where a go-ahead importer has packed his fruit in wrappers, bearing a portrait—but not a likeness—labelled "Joe Chamberlain, second to none."

A Palermo fruit-packer has a much better idea of the features of the ex-Colonial Secretary, for a large consignment of his oranges recently arrived packed in tissue paper portraits of Mr. Chamberlain. Each wrapper bore the inscription "Our Joe," who was shown wearing a smile, an orchid, and an eyeglass.

A wrapper which presents a picture of three war vessels is labelled "England's Glory," and one of the "Victor" brand is adorned with a portrait of a general, whose uniform cannot be seen for medals; the likeness about equally resembles Lord Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief, and Sir Redvers Buller.

The wrappers of the "England's Prize" brand of lemons bear a crude map of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, while those of fruit imported from Naples, under the sonorous title of "What we have we'll hold!" display the figures of a British soldier and sailor, holding up between them a map of the world, on Mercator's projection, and pointing to the British possessions which are marked in red.

One of the curiosities of the collection is a series of "Union Jack" coverings, dating from 1880 to the present day. In all, there are no fewer than fourteen different patterns, not a single one of which is correct!

The "Dum Dum" was a popular mark during the late war, and it was followed by the "God save the King" and "England for Ever" brands. In the latter case, the motto surmounted a grotesque, though doubtless quite unintentional, caricature of Britannia. "What ho! she bumps" is a popular Naples brand of fruit.

In the entire collection there is but one design which may be described as artistic. This is on a wrapper which came from Palermo in a case of particularly fine fruit. It shows a bonny Italian girl in the act of eating an orange, and the picture, not at all inappropriately, is labelled "Sweets to the Sweet."

One boy and one girl can each gain a position worth $100 a year by answering some questions which appear in THE BOYS' LEADER.

The Ugly Millionaire.

By M. L. DIGGS.

Two young men were strolling along a quiet street, deep in a discussion on the gentler sex.

"Yes, girls are mercenary little wretches; there's no denying that," said one of them with a laugh. "Even the ones that look like wonder-eyed angels fresh-dropped from Heaven."

"I can't agree with you there, old chap. If she's the right kind of a girl, she don't marry for money—that is, not until she's persuaded herself she's in love with the *man*, not the money."

"You dreamer! Why, I'll wager there isn't a girl in existence but would jump at the chance of becoming the wife of the first millionaire who asked her—providing, of course, she wasn't already in love with someone else."

They turned the corner, and the man behind them heard no more. But the conversation started a train of thought in his own mind, over which he pondered long after he had finished his walk and had smoked two cigars in his apartments.

Which of the men was right?

He had never attempted to fathom the mysterious ways of woman; indeed, he had scarcely any personal knowledge by which to judge them, although a man of forty years.

In the years that followed the frightful accident of his boyhood, that left him with a marred, deformed face, he had avoided, as much as possible, all social intercourse. Nature planned him a comely man, in body and spirit, Fate ordained otherwise.

As a boy, Gerald Blake had suffered from the chaffing of unthinking school-fellows, but his sharp retorts had always turned the laugh, and it was not until, as a young man, when he began to go out into Society, that he fully realised his terrible misfortune.

A man of strong passions, craving the society of beautiful women, he had been barred, because of this distressing disfigurement, from association with them.

On the street or in the drawing-room, wherever a woman saw him, she turned quickly aside with disgust and horror pictured in her face. Few men, even, could hide from their faces a first, involuntary flash of repulsion.

When the strain became too great for sensitive nerves to bear, he withdrew from his clubs, gave up all social life, and exiled himself from home and friends.

Time increased, instead of lessening, the offensive appearance of the man.

The fiery red hair was allowed to grow, the yellow freckles seemed to get more prominent and splotchy, the large black eyes, once brilliantly beautiful, now frightened and repelled, the lines about the strong, firm mouth had become hard and unforgiving, and the pitiful, broken nose made a face to be remembered in a bad dream—a face on which little children gazed with fascination, too terrified to cry.

It had even left its effect upon the powerful figure of the man, made him careless in dress and manners, and turned him into a most villainous-looking object in human shape.

Fortune had smiled on him in one respect—in giving him great wealth. Though at times that seemed more a mockery than a blessing. All that money could buy was his, but alas! even the omnipotence of money could not purchase a handsome face.

Most of Blake's life had been spent in travelling, not after the manner of the superficial globe-trotter, but spending many months, sometimes years, in some out-of-the-way, unfrequented spot. The main travelled roads of the tourist were always avoided by him.

Away from mirrors or the reflection of a tell-tale face, he would forget himself in the pleasure of reading some old parchment, deciphering hieroglyphics, or revelling in the treasures of an old library.

He gave very little time or thought to the management of the huge fortune left by his father, but occasionally he was forced to give personal attention to matters of business. Hence his presence in London.

The weighty question for present consideration being: "Are women mercenary?" Disgusted that he should permit his thoughts to dwell on woman, mercenary or unmercenary, he picked up a paper in an effort to change the current of his thoughts.

His eye lighted on the "personal" column. He read, unconsciously at first, an "object matrimony" advertisement, when suddenly his thoughts and what he was reading blended in one idea. A most excellent way to settle the question discussed by the men in the street.

With a sort of malicious joy, he sat down to write an advertisement for the "personals." He hardly expected to receive a single reply, but, in the event of any girl rashly desiring an "appointment," it could do no possible harm to exhibit himself, and it would demonstrate to the maidens the fact that there were some things they wouldn't do, even for money; at any rate, he would enjoy watching the hasty retreat.

The sense of humour was not quite dead within him; besides, it would interest him to see just how hardened he had become to the opinion of the ladies.

WANTED, A WIFE.—A man with money *and a broken nose* desires to marry a lady of beauty.

He signed it "An Ugly Millionaire," and, being new to such matters, gave his correct address.

Calling in James, the faithful, expressionless man who served him alike in the jungles of India, the steppes of Russia, or the wilds of Africa, he told him to see that it appeared in the morning papers. And James, without displaying the shock he felt, obeyed.

The following day James' duties were strenuous. At an undreamt of early hour the bell began to ring, and kept it up all day. Ladies of every description called that day at Blake's bachelor apartments. James heard someone remark in the hall that the ugly gentleman must be holding a reception.

Ladies, tall and short, stout and puny, blonde and brunette, of many nations and of all ages, from a child of fourteen to a widow of sixty. Women of ravishing beauty, women distressingly plain; gowned genteely, gaudily, dowdily, shabbily, stylishly; accompanied by chaperons, and unescorted. All eager, anxious to be the chosen one; pushing, crowding with a jealous effort to be the first admitted to the presence of "An Ugly Millionaire."

Every post brought letters in such quantities that Blake gave up the task of trying to read them all, and shovelled them unopened into the waste-basket.

About his grim mouth a smile played, which now and then broadened into explosive laughter as he read some unusually idiotic letter.

There were short notes, curtly asking for an appointment, and epistles of great length giving detailed family histories, but all expressed a desire and hope of coming to a "satisfactory understanding." Truly, with these ladies at least, money reigned supreme.

With the ladies who called it was not so amusing—there was no smile on his lips when interviewing them. To hear unfeeling, oftentimes rude, ill-bred remarks made with condescending willingness to "put up with the face for the sake of what went with it—though a million was none too much"; to watch that inevitable shudder and the ill-concealed effort to hide it behind simpers and giggles; the expressions of pity, were not pleasant.

It had not proved a diversifying sport. In his mortification, he felt a wild rage and a mad desire to strike every woman in the face.

Why had he exposed himself to such humiliation? The thought of really marrying any woman, handsome or ugly, who would answer such an advertisement had never entered his head.

"Excuse me, sir, but there's three young ladies downstairs as won't go away. They say they're sure they would suit if only you'd let 'em come in," and James looked apologetically insistent.

"Send them away; I can't see any more. Thank them all, and say I've made a choice—anything to get rid of them quick, they're on my nerves." From the window Blake saw the street lined with hansoms waiting to deposit their fair burdens at his door.

"I must get out of this; I can't stand it." Though late in the afternoon, still they came in an unending procession. Making his way out of a side door, he hurried down the street in an effort to drown the bitterness that filled his soul. In all the wide world there was no one who cared whether he lived or died. He knew now that he could *buy* a wife—"a lady of beauty."

Ah! how he hungered for beauty; loathed ugliness! The agonising thought that he was to be for ever cut off from wife and family, from the devoted love of a pure woman, almost consumed him. In all the forty years of his orphaned life had there been one woman who had looked unflinchingly into that face? An outcast clinging to life—and for what purpose?

Without heeding he walked, seeing and hearing nothing. Suddenly he stopped. Directly in front of him stood a beautiful girl smiling up at him. Putting out her hand, she touched his arm, saying:

"I am waiting for you, dear!"

Too startled to speak, he stared down into the tender blue eyes that looked unflinchingly into his, while the smile of welcome hovered on the sweet lips, and the little gloved hand rested unafraid on his arm.

Almost overpowered by his emotion, he tried to think what it all meant. The girl had, of course, mistaken him for someone else; but, merciful Heaven, how could one mistake *him* for another?

Now, like fire, the thought burnt through his brain that this was what had never come to him before, such a look of confidence and love from the face of a lovely, innocent girl, the most exquisite face he had ever seen.

At a peculiar movement of the head, he jumped as though something had struck him. Bending lower, he peered for a second into her face; throwing back his head, a low, sardonic laugh escaped him.

"Oh! What was that?" as, with a pale, terrified look, the girl clung closer to him.

Fate's mockery! The girl was blind!

When he gained control of himself, he said in a voice so kind and gentle it sounded strange to his own ears:

"My dear child, can I be of any assistance to you?"

At the sound of his voice, she stepped back in surprise.

"Oh, I thought you were my father! Your step is so like his. I beg your pardon, I am so sorry!"

As she made the apology, there was no fear in her manner. Evidently this blind girl had been so carefully shielded from harm she knew no cause for being afraid.

Blake, on questioning her, found that her home was in Richmond, that she had gone with her father to make a business call in the vicinity. She was to have waited for him in the garden, but, tiring of that, she had walked about and must have turned out of the gate that brought her unknowingly into this street.

After considering what could be done, it was decided that Blake should accompany her home. Calling a four-wheeler, they were driven to the nearest underground station. Her childlike innocence completely won his heart, her great loveliness made his blood beat fast and his breathing hard. He almost wished that the journey might never end.

The girl was so happy and delighted over the novel experience, and laughed merrily as she chatted freely about herself and family.

Her name was Marjorie Brooke; she was an only child, nineteen years old, and had been born blind. She was not saddened by her affliction as he had been by his.

A new feeling of thankfulness came upon him. He realised then that, although made frightful to look upon, he had been blessed in having seen the flowers, the trees, and the wonderful beauties of the world.

A great peace came over his soul, and he knew long ere that short journey had come to an end and they had reached the home of Marjorie Brooke that the fulfilment of his life rested in the tiny hands of this blind girl.

The distress of the father at not finding his daughter, the happiness of the parents when she was brought home to them, there is no need to record. Blake found that he needed no introduction in the family, for Mr. Brooke was the English representative of one of Blake's City offices, and he was most welcome in their home.

Why should I go on with the tale? You have guessed its sequel. That the cordial welcome extended to Blake on his first visit tempted him to repeat it many times.

His moroseness and cynicism vanished under the sweet influence of Marjorie's simple, straightforward nature, and brought out the good in his own. She had never seen either beauty or ugliness, so could never be pained by what had caused him suffering.

He told her of what misery he had endured before knowing her, and she had gently stroked with her small hand the face so dear to her now, and spoken sweet words of comfort.

In the long hours they spent in each other's company, he read to her his favourite books, or talked of things he had seen in journeys across the earth, and together they learnt through their mutual love:

"How beautiful it is to be alive."

MERRITT: "That dog of mine was very ungrateful."
Cobwigger: "What did he do?"
Merritt: "Ran away the very day I paid the tax on him."

MRS. ADAMS: "I see a smart woman has discovered a way of preventing her losing her hair."
Mr. Adams: "Indeed! And what does she do?"
Mrs. Adams: "Locks it in the safe."

HE: "Winkle isn't even friends with the girl who broke off her engagement with him, is he?"
She: "Oh, no. When she sent back his ring by post, she labelled it 'Glass, with care.'"

THE BIGGEST DAISY.

BRITAIN is unsurpassed in her inventions of new roses and new dahlias. Japan still preserves the record for chrysanthemums, while Signor Borgiotti, of Pistoja, Italy, is the discoverer of the newest violet, which is the biggest and most fragrant on record, and which possesses seventy to one hundred petals.

But perhaps the greatest of all flower breeders is the Californian, Mr. Luther Burbank, the man who attempts to hybridise apples and pears, plums and cherries, currants and gooseberries. There is nothing that he will not try, and some of his productions are wonderful and beautiful.

His latest is the flower known as the Shasta daisy. It is the biggest daisy yet seen, being twelve inches in circumference, with a great golden centre, surrounded by rows of thick white petals.

In making it a common American daisy was crossed with an English daisy. The hybrid obtained was crossed with a Japanese daisy. The result represents a single strain selected and improved out of thousands of hybrids produced.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Uncle Toby Offers Gramophones, Penknives, Books, and other prizes.

January 26th, 1904, is the last day on which attempts in this competition can be received.

On the cover of this number you will see the heading "PEARSON'S WEEKLY, To Interest, To Elevate, To Amuse," which appears week by week.

What you have to do is to **copy this heading in black ink.** The copies must be larger than the original heading, and the work must be done in school hours at the request of the master or mistress of your class. No ruling is allowed.

When the headings are done the teacher should collect them and send them along in an envelope marked "Boy" or "Girl," as the case may be, to Uncle Toby, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C., together with a few lines certifying that the heading is in each case the unaided work of the competitor. Each heading must bear the name and school address of the pupil who drew it. As the attempts of each school are finished they should be sent in at once. Schools may make any number of attempts. No attempt will be eligible for a prize unless accompanied by a teacher's certificate of its being unaided work.

To the pupil in each school competing who sends in the most accurate drawing, a little gift in the shape of either a pencil-case, penknife, book, box of water-colours, card of school requisites, or novelty top will be immediately awarded, and to each of the five boys and five girls whose attempts Uncle Toby considers to be the best of all those sent in from all schools will be presented a splendid Gramophone, together with two records. Moreover, the teacher of each pupil who receives a Gramophone will be presented with a cheque for £2 2s.

Show this to your school-teacher, and ask him or her to allow you and your schoolmates to enter for this competition.

The number of copies of *Pearson's Weekly* required by the teacher for the purpose of copying will be sent post free on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Publisher, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The picture of our prehistoric ancestors in PEARSON'S XMAS 'XTRA (price one shilling) is a most delightful one. Have you seen it yet?

When Battles have been Waged in Strange Places.

British Soldiers once Fought on a Bridge Made of Coffins.

While Several Encounters Took Place in Cemeteries.

The news, recently wired from Macedonia, regarding desperate fighting between the Turks and the insurgents within the Monastery of Radovitch, recalls other similar instances.

One of the most famous, perhaps, was the battle of Arkadi, which was fought in Crete, on November 23rd, 1866, in and around the monastery of that name.

The Cretans won, took possession of the building, and started fortifying it. But the Turks hurried up cannon and reinforcements, and set to work to storm it.

Whereupon the besieged, seeing resistance was hopeless, blew the magnificent old pile into the air, involving it, themselves, and their enemies, in one common ruin.

There are on record at least two battles fought between troops on skates. The first of these was won by the Dutch, over the Spaniards besieging Amsterdam.

The Hollanders sallied forth suddenly across the frozen broads, fell upon the astounded "Dons," and, after a short and slippery conflict, drove them from the "field," with the loss of several hundred left dead upon the ice.

"'Twas a thing never heard of before to-day," wrote Alva, the Spanish Captain-General, to his master, King Philip, "to see a body of arquebusiers thus

skirmishing upon a frozen sea."

Alva, however, was not to be easily daunted. He ordered immediately seven thousand pairs of skates, and his soldiers soon learnt to perform military evolutions upon them as rapidly, if not as gracefully, as the Dutch themselves.

The second battle alluded to above, and in which both armies donned skates, was fought upon the frozen estuary of the river Scheldt during the war between the French and the Dutch in the closing years of the seventeenth century, and again the Hollanders, by their superior adroitness and agility, were victorious over their less practised opponents.

Some of the most desperate combats the world has known have been fought on, for, and around bridges. One such is, indeed, recorded in the history of our own capital.

The date was Sunday, July 5th, 1450. The sun was about setting. When, suddenly, all the bells of the City churches started clanging to call the citizens to arms.

Jack Cade, with his Kentish followers, had unexpectedly appeared on the Surrey side of the Thames, and all through the short midsummer night, and till nine o'clock next morning, a furious fight was raging

backwards and forwards on London Bridge.

The houses on the structure were fired by the insurgents, and their inhabitants perished miserably, either by burning, drowning, or the sword, and at one time it seemed as though the entire bridge, which was, of course, of wood, was doomed.

But at length both parties, "being faint and wearie, agreed to leave off from fighting till the next daie," and the flames were then got under by the citizens, who turned out in their thousands to assist in saving their property.

Some pretty stiff fighting, too, took place on a bridge made of coffins, during the British advance on Pekin in the China war of 1860. The coffins had been "commandeered" from a neighbouring factory, and were of the solid Chinese variety, close-jointed, with seams rendered impervious to water by a resinous kind of cement.

They made, therefore, splendid substitutes for pontoons, which were what the British wanted. But the Chinese were furious at their being put to such a base use, and fiercely attacked the head of the infantry column from the opposite bank, as soon as it commenced its march

across the frail structure.

But these, of course, were mere skirmishes when compared with such a conflict as that which raged round and over the Bridge of Lodi, one of the most terrible and most decisive battles of the Napoleonic wars.

Then, again, there was the Battle of Stamford Bridge, famous in English history; the Battle of Cropredy Bridge, in which Charles I. defeated the Parliamentary General Waller; Linlithgow Bridge, won by Sir James Hamilton over the Earl of Lennox; Stirling Bridge, where William Wallace utterly defeated the English under the Earl of Surrey, and many others.

In the Battle of Sobraon, too, it was the bridge of boats across the Sutlej that was the chief centre of the fighting. The Sikhs eventually retained possession of it, but in their retreat it gave way under them, and thousands were drowned. It was this—for us—lucky incident, which caused Shere Singh to exclaim bitterly that "a broken bridge gave India to the British."

As a set-off to these "bridge battles," mention may be made of the conflict known to historians as the "Battle of the Moat." It was fought between Mahomet and Abu Sofian, Caliph of the Koreishites, before Medina.

The prophet had caused a moat to be dug around the city to keep off the invaders, and in this moat the greater part of the fighting took place. The Koreishite infantry, once they had descended into the deep, wide ditch, were unable to climb out again, and were pursued round and round by their fanatical enemies until they were exterminated.

Mahomet directed that the slaughter was to continue until such time as the incircling ditch should be filled with dead bodies, and this was accordingly done. Afterwards a thin layer of earth was spread evenly over the whole, and Medina "had no longer a moat."

Next to bridges, perhaps cemeteries have furnished the most frequent sites for battles. Round and in Père Lachaise, the great Parisian necropolis, raged the fiercest fighting in the days of the Commune of 1871. And in and out among the tombstones the Versaillais, later on, led their captives, in batches of a hundred at a time, to be shot down in cold blood like so many worthless dogs, against the grey,

gaunt boundary wall overlooking Charonne.

Cadesia, too, that most terrible of Persian battles, was fought on a burial ground. The rival commanders were Yzdegerd, King of Persia, and Khaled, leader of the Saracens, and six hundred thousand men were engaged. Of these sixty thousand fell in and about the tombs, which were thrice taken and retaken; so that, in the end, it was doubly and trebly a "City of the Dead."

Even more dramatic was the fight fought between the Swiss and the French in St. Jacob's cemetery, near Basle. The patriots numbered one thousand men only, the French over thirty thousand. So the former took their stand among the graves of their kindred, swearing to join them rather than surrender.

And they kept their word. From early morn till twilight the battle raged. And when, at length, the invaders stormed the sacred inclosure, they found of the original thousand but ten living men who were unwounded and fit to continue the struggle.

Tennyson's vision of aerial navies "grappling in the central blue," has yet to be realised, but battles have

many times been waged beneath ground.

The catacombs at Rome, for instance, were frequently the scene of severe fighting during the stormy closing years of the eighteenth century.

In Paris also, when the Commune was at its last gasp, a band of desperate men took to the sewers, where the Versaillais followed them. A running fight was kept up until a spot was reached beneath the Madeleine Church, and there the insurgents, with the great city they had helped to destroy blazing, and roaring, and crackling above their heads, fought gamely until they were all shot or bayoneted.

At the siege of Tournay, again, the subterranean works constructed by both sides were so numerous and extensive, that, to quote the words of one who was present, "there was more fighting below ground than there was above."

Muskets could not be used with much effect, but both British and French made up for this by converting their bayonets into daggers. They also attacked one another with knives and pistols, blew each other up with hand grenades, and suffocated one another with the smoke from "stink-pots."

On one occasion two officers and thirty men were thus smothered, while, to add to the horrors of the situation, the British, mistaking friend for foe in the gloomy windings of the underground labyrinths, not infrequently killed one another.

GETTING MEASURED.

A short time ago a recruit, who was more than usually soft, joined a regiment at Aldershot. He was promptly taken in hand by his new comrades, the result being that he presented himself at the guard room that evening.

On being asked by the sergeant of the guard what he wanted, he convulsed that worthy by answering:

"I have come to be measured for my sentry-box."

VERY RICH.

Johnny: "Mother, is father rich?"

Mother: "Yes, very rich, Johnny. He's worth two millions and a half."

Johnny: "How, mother?"

Mother: "Oh, he values you at one million, me at a million, and the baby at half a million."

Johnny (after thinking for a moment): "Mother, hadn't you better tell father to sell the baby and buy us some clothes?"

"Are you superstitious?"

"No, not at all."

"Well, lend me thirteen shillings, will you?"

"I think it's absurd to say kissing is dangerous," gushed Miss Rosebud. "What possible disease could be spread by kissing?"

"Marriage, madam," grunted Grumpy.

ENGINES FINED FOR KILLING.

When Inanimate Objects have had to Pay Penalty.

For a coroner's jury to solemnly fine a locomotive for killing a man, would seem to us to-day a very strange proceeding.

Yet it has been done time and again; and that, too, well within the memory of people now living.

For instance, so recently as the year 1838, an engine on the Liverpool and Manchester line was "punished" after this fashion for exploding and causing the death of the man who was driving it. The amount of the fine was £20.

During the following year, again, an engine that collided with the rear coach of a passenger train, killing several persons, was fined £1,400.

The proceedings in each case were taken under the old English "Statute of Deodand."

"Deodand" means literally, "Given to God," and the custom is based on the doctrine of purgatory. Any chattel which caused a man's death, suddenly and without warning, sent him into the other world unprepared. Consequently it was held to be forfeit to the Church; and the Church, in return, said a certain number of masses for the repose of the victim's soul.

Many curious distinctions were, however, drawn. Thus, if a cart ran over and killed a person, whether infant or adult, it was forfeited as deodand, or fined, as the case might be. But if death were caused by falling from a cart at rest, the chattel in question was only deodand if the person killed were an adult.

Then, later on, where death was caused by a chattel not in motion, it came to be held that that part only which was the immediate cause of death, was deodand. So that if a man, climbing up the wheel of a cart, fell off and was killed, the wheel only was forfeited.

It was even held, in the case of a ladder falling on a man and killing him, that the particular rung which dealt the fatal blow was alone guilty; and that the one part of a piece of machinery could be fined, and none other.

The result of these, and other similar decisions, was to reduce the whole system to absurdity, and, eventually, all deodands were abolished by Act of Parliament on September 1st, 1846.

Nowadays, unfortunately, books of an immoral or irreligious tendency circulate amongst us more or less freely. In days gone by they would have been publicly flogged, and afterwards burnt.

This happened on a grand scale in Florence under Savonarola's rule, when the preaching of the famous priest-reformer so affected the gay gallants of that pleasure-loving city, that they brought many thousands of volumes of licentious plays, stories and poems, and dumped them in a great pile before the gates of the cathedral.

And there, on a given day, and in the presence of a crowd of more than one hundred thousand persons, they were first soundly whipped "for about the space of two hours," and then set fire to.

In England, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, a book called "The Gaping Gulf" was whipped by the common hangman in the market-place of Westminster, and afterwards burnt.

The writer of this work was John Stubbs, a student of Lincoln's Inn, and the design of the book was to show how undesirable it was for the Queen to marry the Duke of Anjou.

Stubbs was very much in earnest in the matter, and vehemently protested against the indignity offered to the product of his brain. Whereupon he was seized, and punished by having his right hand cut off by driving a cleaver through the wrist with a mallet.

In Scotland, during King James VI.'s reign, a stool that was said to have been bewitched, and to have caused "grievous hurt" to the "Master of Orkney," was solemnly tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be burnt upon the Castle Hill of Edinburgh.

Not long ago a curious case was reported of the arrest and punishment of certain idols at Foochow in China. The accusation against them was that they had, in answer to the prayers of his enemies, caused the illness and death of a certain Tartar general.

Fifteen images were arrested altogether, and, after their "eyes" had been carefully removed so that they should not be able to "see" who was their judge, they were tried. They were found guilty, and the sentence was that they were to be beheaded, their bodies cast into a lake, and their temple sealed up for ever.

Throughout Europe animals were formerly amenable as a matter of course to the ordinary laws of the land. Domestic animals were tried in the criminal court, wild ones in the ecclesiastical.

So late as 1740, in Holland, a cow was tried and executed for killing a little girl. At Lavegny, in France, a sow and her six young ones were indicted for having murdered and partially devoured a child. The sow was found guilty and condemned to death, but the little pigs were acquitted because of their youth, and also on account of the bad example set them by their mother.

At Falaise, a boar, condemned to death for a similar offence, was publicly executed in the market-place dressed in men's clothes. The trial of a horse at Dijon, for feloniously killing a man, occupied three entire days, so elaborate was the judicial procedure. At Basle, a cock, tried and condemned to death for having laid an egg, was burnt at the stake.

"Practice Strokes at Billiards," price 1s., or post free for 1s. 2d. from The Book Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Fortunes are Waiting for People to Claim Them

A MILLIONAIRE DRAYMAN

Working Thirty Years in a Brewer's Yard while a Fortune waited.

SUMMARY of report published in the DAILY EXPRESS, Oct. 10th, 1903:

A Brewer's Drayman has been working for upwards of thirty years in London, when he might have been living all that time on a fortune of many hundreds of thousands. In the meantime the money had accumulated to upwards of £1,500,000. All the facts were recently fully reported in the DAILY EXPRESS. The fortunate heir's name is Francis Wood, he is about fifty years of age, and for the last thirty years he has been employed by the well-known brewers, Messrs. Watney, Combe, and Reid. Until the unexpected windfall came Wood had no hopes of coming into money, and the amazing sum of money lying unclaimed proves that there must be many other people living in as complete ignorance of their good fortune.

Similar information to that which proved of such extraordinary value to this fortunate man is contained in a most valuable Register published by Messrs. A. W. FOSTER AND CO., 22, ALEXANDER HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C., called "FOSTER'S LIST OF HEIRS," price, post free, 1s. 6d., by Postal Order. Nearly £100,000,000 lies buried in the Court of Chancery, in unclaimed balances at Banks, and in the hands of Trustees awaiting Claimants, and 50,000 persons have been advertised for by the Court of Chancery and Solicitors to claim this and other money. Yet this fact is known to but few people, hence the vast sums that are not claimed; and Messrs. FOSTER AND CO. have collected all this valuable information together into a Register which will undoubtedly be the means of enabling large numbers of people in all parts of the country to claim what rightly belongs to them.

Every page of this book, as it was formerly published, has been carefully revised, and many thousands of new names have been added. In its present enlarged form it contains invaluable information about unclaimed money and estates which cannot be obtained from any other source. New names have been added right up to the present time, and Foster's New List of Heirs is now the most complete, correct, and up-to-date book on the subject published.

It would almost seem as if people were too busy to notice the chances of life—opportunities are being continually missed for the want of a little trouble and inquiry. Do not be amongst this number. We earnestly recommend our readers to get a copy of "FOSTER'S LIST OF HEIRS" at once. It may easily prove the great opportunity of their lives. A fortune may await them, as it did many other people who lived in ignorance of money being due to them.

Is Your Name in This List?

The following List contains a small selection from Foster's New and Revised List of Heirs. If your name is not here it is probably in the full List, which also contains fuller particulars about all the names here reprinted.

Abbott	Blower	Curtis	Ibbons	James	Maurice	Plummer	Smyth
Adam	Bolus	Cutler	Gilbert	Jarrett	Mawdsley	Pollard	Smythe
Adams	Bond	Campbell	Giles	Jeal	Maxwell	Pool's	Snaith
Adey	Booth	Dale	Gill	Jeffery	May	Poor	Snell
Agnew	Boreham	Daly	Gimlet	Jeffrey	Mayfield	Pope	Spencer
Alcock	Borough	Daniel	Gimlvan	Jeffs	Mayler	Popps	Spence
Alder	Bosebey	Danks	Gimnett	Jenkins	Mayo	Portwood	Sparks
Aldred	Bostock	Darnill	Gloyne	Jenkinson	Mackey	Potton	Spearkes
Aldredge	Bott	Davey	Godfiard	Jenner	McArdle	Potts	Spelling
Algar	Boucher	Davies	Gold	Jennings	McAndrew	Poulton	Spinks
Alston	Boulter	Davis	Golden	Jerome	McCall	Powell	Spooner
Alves	Bourne	Davison	Goldin	Jessell	McCarthy	Poynter	Spring
Alldis	Boutell	Dawes	Gooch	Johnson	McGrath	Pratt	Springall
Alldred	Boyt	Dawson	Good	Jex	McLay	Precious	Stafford
Allen	Bracher	Day	Goodair	Johnston	McLoughlin	Prentice	Standing
Allison	Bradley	Deacon	Goodhead	Jones	McRae	Prescott	Stanhope
Allnatt	Bradford	Dean	Goodwin	Jordan	Meadows	Prest	Stanley
Allyress	Brayley	Delf	Goodyer	Joyce	Mears	Preston	Stanway
Allwright	Breese	Denman	Goring	Jessup	Medcalf	Price	Stapleton
Allum	Brennan	Dennis	Gough	Judd	Meere	Prictor	Starke
Ambler	Brittain	Derry	Gover	Kearney	Meffis	Prince	Steele
Ames	Brook	Dewis	Gray	Kearns	Melville	Pritchard	Steer
Amison	Brooks	Dickie	Grady	Keeble	Mervin	Prust	Stephens
Anckhorn	Brooks	Dickinson	Graham	Keene	Michael	Pugh	Stephenson
Anderson	Brown	Digrins	Granger	Keith	Michell	Pugsley	Stevens
Andrews	Browne	Ditchburn	Grant	Kemp	Middleton	Pullen	Still
Anning	Bryan	Dixon	Gratton	Kennedy	Millard	Purcell	Stirling
Anthony	Bucher	Dobson	Greaves	Kenny	Millbank	Purchase	Stokes
Apple	Buckler	Donald	Green	Kenyon	Mille	Purssord	Stone
Arbour	Buckton	Donovan	Greenhill	Kerr	Miller	Pyle	Story
Archer	Bullen	Dougall	Greenwood	Kerworth	Milligan	Page	Street
Arnall	Burdon	Douglas	Gregory	Kettle	Millington	Pardew	Tutin
Arnold	Burford	Dove	Gresham	King	Milner	Quick	Tyman
Arthur	Burgs	Downey	Grey	Kilminster	Mills	Quinn	Taggart
Ascroft	Bush	Drake	Gribble	Kingham	Milward	Quinton	Tipping
Ashby	Butcher	Drawe	Grice	Kingsley	Minshan	Quinsey	Tobin
Ashe	Butler	Duffield	Grier	Kingsmill	Minster	Quested	Underwood
Ashfield	Byrne	Duffill	Griffiths	Kirby	Minto	Radley	Unwin
Ashfold	Caffyn	Duggan	Groome	Kirk	Moran	Ramsey	Usher
Asumole	Caldecott	Duncan	Grove	Kirkley	Nagle	Ramsden	Upham
Ashton	Canny	Dunne	Groves	Knapp	Nares	Rankin	Valintine
Askew	Capon	Dunsdon	Haddock	Kneebone	Nattrass	Rawlings	Vase
Atkin	Cappe	Durrant	Haill	Knight	Naylor	Read	Vaughan
Atkins	Card	Dye	Haines	Knights	Neave	Redford	Vernell
Atkinson	Carfield	Dyer	Halcombe	Keen	Neilson	Redman	Vincent
Atlee	Carr	Dyson	Hales	Kelly	Nell	Redmond	Van
Atterslay	Carter	Dodds	Hall	Kendall	Nelson	Reece	Varney
Attwood	Cartridge	Dempster	Haly	Kerton	Neville	Reeve	Vince
Austin	Cavell	Delan	Hames	Lacey	Newberry	Reeves	Virgo
Avery	Chignell	Doughty	Hamilton	Lacy	Newman	Reid	Vickers
Ayres	Childs	Doyle	Hancock	Laing	Newmarch	Rendall	Waddell
Bacon	Clark	Duff	Handley	Lambert	Newton	Rennie	Wadden
Badcock	Clarke	Eagle	Hankin	Lambourne	Nicholas	Reynolds	Wade
Babr	Clarkson	Earley	Hanlon	Lamley	Nicholls	Rhodes	Waine
Bailey	Clayton	East	Hannen	Lane	Nickalson	Rice	Waite
Baines	Clear	Easton	Hanson	Langdon	Nicol	Richardson	Wales
Baker	Cleaver	Ellis	Harbert	Langham	Niven	Richards	Walker
Balder	Clements	Edkins	Harding	Lannam	Nixon	Rickman	Wallace
Balding	Clift	Edmonds	Hardy	Langridge	Norris	Ridge	Waller
Baldwin	Clifton	Edward	Hare	Larkins	Northam	Ridley	Wallis
Ball	Clinton	Edwards	Harle	Larkyns	Nugent	Rigg	Walters
Balls	Cobb	Eley	Harne	Law	Nash	Riley	Warburton
Ballard	Cabley	Elmer	Harper	Lawrence	Newbolt	Rix	Ward
Bamford	Cackrane	Elliot	Harrad	Lawrie	Newell	Roach	Ware
Bannister	Coghlan	Elliott	Harries	Lawson	Newhouse	Roberts	Warrington
Banks	Cohen	Ellis	Harris	Leach	Nickkin	Robertson	Warren
Barber	Cohn	Ellies	Harrington	Ledan	O'Connor	Robins	Waters
Barfoot	Colbert	Ellston	Harrison	Lee	Ogelvie	Robinson	Wathen
Barker	Colbran	Ellner	Harsum	Leece	Oliver	Rodd	Watkins
Barlow	Cole	Faint	Hart	Leech	Olley	Radler	Watkinson
Barnes	Coles	Farndon	Hartley	Lees	Onions	Ranger	Watson
Barnett	Collett	Farnsworth	Harvey	Leigh	Oram	Shinurn	Wattle
Barratt	Colline	Faulkner	Hasell	Leonard	Ord	Shipley	Watts
Barrett	Collis	Faux	Haskins	Leverington	Osborn	Shortland	Webb
Barrow	Collyer	Fawcett	Hatchard	Levy	Osborne	Silk	Webster
Bartlett	Congreve	Fern	Hawke	Lewis	Oughton	Sim	Wedlake
Barton	Connell	Fewings	Hawkins	Ley	Overton	Snewin	Weekes
Barwick	Conner	Fewster	Hayes	Liddiard	Owen	Soper	Weeks
Barrett	Connor	Field	Haynes	Liller	Oxford	Sorrell	Weir
Bateman	Conroy	File	Hayward	Linden	O'Brien	Stacy	Weller
Bates	Cook	Finch	Haywood	Lindsay	Ongley	Stear	Wells
Baumann	Cooke	Fisher	Hean	Lingham	Otter	Stair	Welsh
Bavin	Cooper	Flanagan	Heath	Llewellyn	Oldfield	Stichbury	Welton
Beane	Cope	Flatt	Hefford	Lloyd	Ollivant	Stubbs	West
Beck	Corbet	Fletcher	Hemmings	Lock	Packman	Summers	Weston
Bedworth	Cordell	Flew	Hemsworth	Lockett	Painter	Symington	Weyers
Beech	Cork	Flexman	Hence	Lodge	Palmer	Symonds	Whalley
Beer	Cornell	Flood	Henderson	Loosemore	Palley	Savell	Wharran
Belcher	Corner	Forber	Henley	Loudwell	Papps	Sawden	Wheeler
Bell	Cotton	Force	Hennessy	Loveday	Park	Schelling	Wheels
Belshaw	Cottam	Ford	Henwood	Low	Parker	Sellars	Whistler
Bennett	Cotter	Forest	Hesketh	Lucas	Parkes	Shand	Whitburn
Berrow	Cottrell	Foster	Hewlett	Luff	Parrot	Shedden	White
Berryman	Couch	Fothergill	Heyman	Macdonald	Parris	Shubrick	Wing
Bertram	Court	Fox	Hill	Mackay	Parry	Selrh	Wingate
Best	Cousins	Francis	Hibbert	Mackenzie	Parsons	Stallion	Winn
Betts	Courtney	Franklin	Hickin	Mackenzie	Partridge	Stanford	Winter
Bevan	Cowan	Franks	Hughes	Macro	Payne	Stock	Wise
Bickell	Cowper	Fraser	Hunt	Maddox	Peake	Saunders	Withers
Bicknell	Cox	Free	Hunter	Madley	Pearce	Sayer	Wood
Bigg	Cozens	Freeland	Hull	Mahon	Pearson	Schofield	Woolham
Bilham	Crabtree	Freeman	Hulme	Malton	Peake	Scott	Woodland
Billson	Crachnell	French	Hurst	Mander	Penny	Seamer	Woods
Binckes	Craft	Frost	Ingram	Manley	Perkins	Seawards	Woodward
Bindless	Cramp	Fry	James	Mann	Perry	Seymour	Woollett
Binger	Crane	Game	Ironmonger	Manning	Petersen	Sharp	Worsley
Binless	Crafts	Gandy	Isaac	Mansfield	Phelps	Shaw	Yarnold
Bird	Cree	Gannon	Isaacs	Marchant	Phillips	Shephard	Yates
Birch	Creedy	Garbutt	Ivory	Marsh	Philips	Shipton	Yeoland
Bishop	Creswell	Gardner	Ives	Marshall	Pick	Shote	Yorke
Black	Crewden	Garrard	Irving	Martin	Pickering	Simpson	Young
Blackman	Crosby	Garrett	Ironmonger	Mason	Pickett	Skelton	Yielding
Blades	Cross	Gason	Jackson	Massey	Pickford	Skinner	Yourell
Blake	Crosford	Gates	Jacob	Maskall	Pike	Skipper	Yuls
Blissett							

AN EXAMPLE OF HARD LUCK.

In addition to the names in the Chancery Court Register, "Foster's New List of Heirs" contains particulars of thousands of heirs who have been advertised for in the leading newspapers by Solicitors and Trustees, who would be only too pleased to hand over the money to the rightful owners if they could be found. Yet the heirs to this unclaimed property and money are actually in complete ignorance of their good fortune, otherwise there would be no need to advertise for them. The money may be sorely needed, yet the heir, knowing nothing about it, does not claim his own.

A leading newspaper reports the following case, which we quote in proof of this statement: *"Tragic! A man named Benjamin Walter Hoper has died in the utmost poverty, and in one of the lowest and most squalid slums of Nottingham. At Wakefield, only a few hours' journey away, a legacy of £2,000, and an annuity of £300 had been awaiting him for some time, but his whereabouts were not known."* Could fate be unkinder than this? Yet a similar loss may be sustained by anyone who neglects to make sure that they have not been inquired for.

HOW A FORTUNE WAS MISSED.

No reader of this paper should miss the opportunity of sending for "Foster's New List of Heirs," which costs so little, and contains such a quantity of valuable information about tens of thousands of heirs. Instructions are given in this book how to proceed (if poor, free of cost) until the amount claimed is recovered.

Send to-day a Postal Order for 1s. 6d. to A. W. FOSTER & CO., 22 Alexander House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. and you will receive the List at once.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The purest and most efficient Remedy procurable for

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, WEAK LUNGS, & CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

W. LASCELLES-SCOTT, Esq., F.R.M.S., in his certificate of analysis, among other things, says:—"I have pleasure in certifying that, in my opinion, VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE is an *exceptionally* pure, safe, and effective preparation."

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA

Mrs. MARTIN HILL, The Hem, Shifnal, Salop, writes:—"I have had what the doctor called bronchial asthma, and he said I should never be cured, but thanks be to God and VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE, I am better now than I have been for six years; and since I have been taking your Cough Cure I can lie down and have a good night's rest. I have recommended your Cough Cure. I am sure it will be a great blessing to sufferers. I tried everything that people told me of, but nothing did me a bit of good. During the winters I had to sit three months in a chair at a time because of the shortness of breath and choking sensation, but all that has gone now, and I am looking very well."

Rev. W. DACRE, 5, College Villas Road, South Hampstead, London, writes, June 17th:—"I have a high opinion of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I have used it with much benefit to myself."

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Mrs. CRESSY, 47, Serpentine Street, Market Rasen, Lincs., writes:—"My little boy suffered from whooping cough for nine months. I tried no end of Cough Mixtures, but they did him no good. He could neither eat nor sleep and was very thin. I noticed an improvement in him after the first bottle of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and now, sir, your medicine has cured him; and I am thankful to tell you."

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN, 5, Agar Street, London, Editor of *Womanhood*, writes:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an exceedingly successful remedy; it is very pleasant to take and the relief it gives is very rapid. The preparation is perfectly safe for children."

Ask for VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

Large Trial Bottles 9½ Regular sizes 1/1½ and 2/9 at Chemists and Drug Stores, or post free from the VENO DRUG CO., 59, Cedar Street, Manchester.

I'M STRONG ONCE MORE!

The Dr. McLaughlin Co.'s Electro Vigour has Restored his Lost Strength

This is the way they feel, the men who had given up hope, who thought there was no cure for them, until they came upon Dr. McLaughlin Co's Electro Vigour. Now they are full of life and overflowing with joyous spirits. Pains are gone, weakness has gone, and full vigour is in every action.

Do you want to feel like that? Then wear this grand life-giving appliance for two months at night. It will charge every nerve with electric life, and you will feel rejuvenated and invigorated. It puts steam into your run-down body, drives away pain, and renews youth.

GET SOME LIFE INTO YOU.

What's the use of dragging your legs about like a wooden man? Feel like a man of spirit! Away with the pains and aches; off with this wretched feeling as if you were seventy years old, and had one foot in the grave. Come and let us put life into your nerves; let us give a new supply of youthful energy. Let us make you feel like throwing your chest out, and your head up, and saying to yourself, "I'M A MAN!" Let us give you back that old feeling of youthful fire, vim, and courage. We can do it, so that in two months you will wonder that you ever felt so slow and pokey as you do now. Act to-day. Life is sweet, so enjoy every minute.

£1000 REWARD will be paid for the Dr. McLaughlin Co.'s Electro Vigour which does not give a current which can be felt and regulated by the wearer.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Call and test Electro Vigour if you can. Consultation free. If you cannot call, we will send you our beautiful 64-page book, with full information. IT IS FREE if you cut out this advertisement and send it in.

THE DR. P. McLAUGHLIN CO.,
164 STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (Near Somerset House.)
Branch Office: 28, Buchanan St., Glasgow.
Office Hours, 9 to 8.

"What do you think of it?"

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

"Isn't it delicious, and *so* economical!"

Write for Free Elect Coupons and Collecting Sheet to "Elect Coupons," Rowntree, York. Department, York.

"Below Par" or "Out-of-Sorts."

There are numberless people who, without being really ill, do not feel up to their usual standard of activity—either in Work or Recreation.

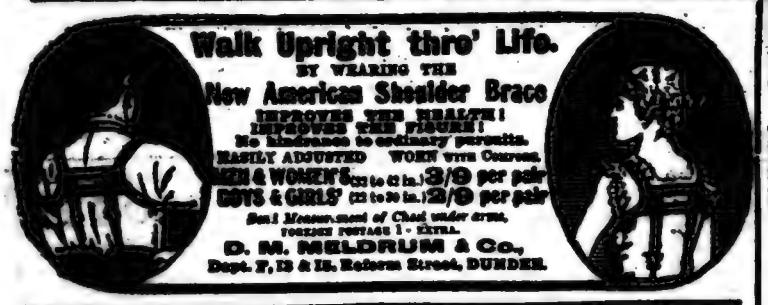
They are not inclined for Business or Professional engagements; neither could they enjoy Pastimes or Games. To lie on a couch and be left alone would be their dearest wish in life. Reading has no pleasure—Concentration of Mind is impossible—and there is, in spite of all, a general feeling of restlessness that prevents Sleep or interrupts it by unpleasant Dreams. Appetite is fickle or altogether absent, and so such patients, by lack of support, usually go from bad to worse.

For all who are thus afflicted, there is a message of Comfort and Hope—based on Experience in a multitude of cases—voluntarily reported from all quarters of the civilised World. The symptoms mentioned merely indicate the need of what Physicians usually call "Tone." In these instances Guy's Tonic is confidently recommended.

This useful preparation confers "Tone" to the Nervous System, and by bracing up the Organs of Digestion and strengthening the powers of Assimilation, the full Nutrition is derived from the Food that is eaten. Moreover, Appetite returns—as a natural consequence—when the previous meal has been correctly dealt with and completely absorbed. The original state was one of semi-starvation. By the aid of Guy's Tonic, the Nerve Centres, Brain and Physical Strength gain "pabulum" or Food. The Organs of the Body, thus nourished, carry out their functions or duties with precision and fulness; and as a result, Strength, Buoyancy, Hope, and Confidence return. Life is worth living, Success is attainable, and the Patient enjoys the proper birthright of Health, Happiness, and Prosperity. Guy's Tonic never fails.

Miss M. Stanley, of Portland, Dorset, writes:—"I have been ill for a long time. I could not Eat, was very Low Spirited, and could not get about to do my work. I always felt Tired, did not want to do anything, and ached all over. I tried everything that people told me of, but got no better, until I read of Guy's Tonic, and was persuaded to try a bottle. I felt better at once, and after having taken three bottles I am now quite well. I can thoroughly recommend Guy's Tonic.

As a Digestive for Dyspeptic and Liver Sufferers, and a Tonic-Restorative Medicine for Weak, Weary, Nervous People who feel "Worn-out," Guy's Tonic is without an equal. Get a 1/1½ Bottle to-day from your Chemist. There is nothing whatever "just as good."



RUPTURE FREE CURE

Wonderful Home Treatment that Cures Without Pain or Loss of Time.

Dr. W. S. Rice (Dept. 160), 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., has invented a method that cures rupture without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of time from the day's work. To avoid all questions of doubt, he sends free to every sufferer a free trial of his method, and there can be no earthly reason why anyone, rich or poor, should not avail themselves of this generous offer. As an instance of this remarkable method, the cure of Mr. C. J. Kent, 120, Lawn Street, Bolton, Lancs., is a welcome piece of intelligence. Mr. Kent is a coachman, 33 years of age. He suffered from a scrotal rupture for 10 years, but after using the Rice method a short time the rupture was entirely healed. To-day he is sound as a bell. If you are ruptured write at once for a free sample of this method, which will be sent free of all cost. It has cured thousands. Do not delay. Write at once.

Mr. C. J. KENT.

A CLEVER IDEA

There's no difficulty in get'n' a shine-like gloss on linen if you go the right way about it. The right and easy way is to use Redford's Starch Gloss.

Redford's Gloss

Don't add this to the starch, but rub on the linen before ironing, and you get a beautiful polished surface. No sticking, no trouble. Send a 1/- P.O. for large box to I. Redford & Son, Oxford St., Liverpool. Send post-card for Sample.

LEARN TO WRITE "ADS"

THE COMING PROFESSION £5 PER WEEK.

No profession or business in the world offers such a broad field for Advancement as Advertising. If you possess ordinary common sense and ambition we can teach you to write advertisements and place you in a position to make from £5 a week upwards. It means a bright future for you. ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS POST FREE.

PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL, (Dept. D) 139 Oxford Street, LONDON, W.

£500 TO BE GIVEN AWAY

NO AWARD LESS THAN TEN SHILLINGS.

WE WISH TO MAKE OUR FIRM STILL MORE WIDELY KNOWN AND SELL OUR GOODS EXTENSIVELY among the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* during the winter months, and to do so quickly we are prepared to be even more generous than some of our competitors. We have therefore decided to make the above handsome Offer, which, however, we can only keep open for a very short time. This is what you have to do:

HERE IS A PUZZLE.

	5	

Every person who solves it will be entitled to participate in our Grand MONEY AWARDING SCHEME, in which we are offering £500 in Cash, and we guarantee that NO AWARD WILL BE LESS THAN TEN SHILLINGS. Even if you do not care to try for a Cash Award you will find the puzzle interesting enough to form a valuable addition to your home circle. It is not necessary to use our printed diagram. The diagram can be roughly made out, and the figures filled in on a sheet of note-paper.

The diagram shows nine squares, with the figure 5 occupying the centre square. The puzzle is to place a different figure in each of the remaining eight squares, so that on the columns being added the result will be 15 each way. That is to say, each column will add 15 up and down, across each row, and diagonally from corner to corner. You can use the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and can place them exactly as you choose in order to obtain this result, but the figure 5 must not be removed from the centre of the square.

At first sight you may think the puzzle is much simpler than it really is. As a matter of fact, you will find it necessary to think hard and experiment a good deal before you get it correct. But it is very interesting and is surely well worth trying.

If you succeed in getting the correct answer send on your solution to us, enclosing at the same time Postal Order for 1s. 6d. (and two penny stamps to pay the postage and packing), for one of our beautiful Zambesi Diamond Brooches or Gent's Scarf Pins, on which we make a slight profit, which will help to pay the cost of this advertisement. The Brooches and Pins are fitted with lovely Zambesi Diamonds. These Diamonds are not Nature's productions, but are chemically made by a secret process lately discovered, which you have probably read of in the newspapers, and which have been all the rage in the West End of London.

Send your answer at once, together with your Postal Order for One shilling and Sixpence, and two penny stamps for postage, &c. In writing, state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. All awards will be promptly made, and the money will be sent in any way you desire, whether by bank cheque, postal order or cash, in a registered envelope. Address: Brown & Co., Dept. F, Head Office, 179 City Rd., London, E.C.

Cailler's

Genuine Swiss

MILK CHOCOLATE

[Supplied to H.M. the Queen]

has an enormous sale. It's a wonderfully delicious food-sweetmeat. Take some at the theatre "between the acts."

"Of course, it's Cailler's!"

Sold by all Confectioners in 1d., 3d. & 6d. tablets, and in 6d. boxes and croquettes.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST, ASK FOR CAILLER'S.

SOMETHING VERY NICE! FOR ALL WHO SEND FOR OUR

1s. Christmas Cards AND SEASONABLE Novelties. 1s.

Don't miss this. Never before has such a Shillingsworth been offered. Nothing prettier or better could be wished for.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

YOU GET THE WHOLE OF THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID ASSORTMENT.

A most charming selection of TWENTY CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS, all most beautiful folding and embossed designs. Published value, 2d., 3d., and 6d. ea. h, including—

SIX LEAFLETTED CARDS. All beautifully finished with bow of silk ribbon or tassel. Also PRETTY STAND CARDS. The majority are from the works of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, and amongst the Novelties will be found

Three Clever MECHANICAL CARDS, Novel Designs, "A Letter from Home," "A Merry Skating Party," and "Reflections" (child holding pot before a real mirror). Very realistic.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. Folding Leaflet Card, with raised Cut Blossoms of choicest Flowers, with their meanings.

YE OLD TIME CARD. To give you Greeting (quaint style).

Very amusing COMIC CARD, "Our Handyman's Festive Season."

FLORAL HANGING CALENDAR, most artistically arranged panels, embossed and beautifully finished.

The Evergreen and Shamrock Leaflet, finished in BLACK and WHITE, on embossed mounts.

Also a very "DAINTY" Leaflet, finished with silk cord and tassels (by Raphael Tuck & Sons), and other charming folding cards by the same publishers.

What, more? Yes, last, but by no means least, is our ANNUAL FREE GIFT, a most artistic souvenir,

FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

Joy bells swinging 'midst garlands of Ivy, with hands clasped, encircled by floral sprays.

INDEED A PRETTY PRESENT.

In all Twenty Presents—a fascinating assortment that, if bought in the ordinary way, would cost at least Five Shillings.

The whole of the above will be sent securely packed on receipt of P.O. for 1s. and Two Stamps to defray postage, or two differently assorted Parcels, P.O. 2s., and 3d. for Parcel Post.

PACKET OF 20 ENVELOPES TO FIT CARDS, 3d. EXTRA.

Shopkeepers should send for Wholesale Catalogue and Samples of Christmas Cards, Novelties, &c., post free 3 stamps. Cheapest House in London.

JOHN THRIDGOULD & CO.,

18 & 20 SIDNEY STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E. (Estd. 1851.)

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES PAGE.

Mustard Water is useful for cleansing the hands after touching onions or any other malodorous subtance.

A Good Hot Oven can only be procured if the flues are properly cleaned and all clinkers removed. An oven that is in daily use requires to be constantly scrubbed out and the flues cleaned at least twice a week.

Vegetable Rissoles. Take any cold vegetables, with plenty of cold potatoes. Chop the vegetables finely, mash the potato with butter. Season all with pepper, salt, and a little tarragon, form into balls, dip into egg and bread-crumbs, and fry.

Before Boiling Rice, wash it carefully in two or three waters; rubbing it thoroughly between the hands and throwing out any broken grains. In that way the rice is made perfectly clean and all the floury substance is removed. Drain it thoroughly and then cook slowly in plenty of water.

A Cabbage Course made as follows is very good at a simple dinner: First boil a good-sized cabbage till tender, drain it. When perfectly cold, press it between two plates to extract any moisture that remains, then chop it, mix in two well-beaten eggs, a lump of butter the size of an egg, pepper, salt, and half a teacupful of cream or milk. Stir thoroughly and pile up in a hot dish. Garnish with crescents of fried bread.

A Good Mincemeat may be made as follows: Half a pound of finely chopped suet, half a pound of raisins stoned and chopped, half a pound of currants, half a pound of sultanas, one pound of chopped apples, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and spice to taste. Place these ingredients in a jar and add two wineglasses of brandy. If the flavour of lemon is liked add the yellow rind chopped very finely. (*Reply to* FRANC.)

On Tainted Meat. Very often when a joint smells a bit tainted it is really only a small piece of gristle or meat that needs cutting away. Carefully look over the joint and remove every bit that looks tainted. Then have a little vinegar and tepid water in a basin—with a clean cloth wipe over the meat, and it will be perfectly right for cooking. Directly meat comes in from the butcher hang it up, using a clean hook for the purpose, and never fixing the meat on to the hook in the wall.

Wash Chiffon especially white, and it can be made to look almost like new. Make a lather of best yellow soap, and let it stand till lukewarm. Soak the chiffon in this for an hour. Shake it gently round and round in the suds but do not rub. Squeeze out carefully, and rinse in two or three lots of cold water. Dissolve a little gum in a teacupful of water, add a few drops of vinegar. Dip in the chiffon and do not squeeze, but lay between the folds of a clean cloth and pat with the hand. Pull out carefully. Cover with a piece of tissue paper, and iron with a moderate iron.

Do you Suffer from Chilblains, Red Hands, or Roughness of the Skin?

If so, you will find a very useful article dealing with these complaints in HOME NOTES this week, which is dated December 10th. You will also see much that is of interest in that charming ladies' paper. Don't forget to look out for the Xmas Double Fashion Number, price 2d., next week, which will contain: Six full pages of Fashions, a paper pattern of a smart Winter Coat, a Dinner Decoration for Xmas, Old Father Christmas Shop (A Christmas Tree in a new form), Some Christmas Mascots, interesting article on Furnishing (illustrated), new Needlework designs (illustrated), Health and Beauty articles, and Advice to Mothers (by Edwin Wooton), Cookery Notes on Seasonable Dishes, a Supplement for Children, containing a Christmas Fairy Play for ten characters, and an amusing picture puzzle, Fields of Employment open to Women, and many other features of interest.

For Baked Custards place the cups in a pan of water, and have only a moderately hot oven. Always scald the milk before adding the eggs.

Apples for Tarts should be peeled, cored, and cut into quarters. If sliced, much of the juice is lost. Peel the fruit very thinly if you wish to get the full flavour of the apple.

To Destroy Blackbeetles. I find nothing so effective as scattering powdered borax in their haunts. Do this regularly every night till the plague is eradicated. (*Reply to* BIRD.)

For Chutney Sauce. Take two or three tablespoonfuls of chutney, one teaspoonful of caster sugar, a gill of vinegar, and one clove, and a quarter of a pint of vinegar. Cook these ingredients together for two or three minutes, then strain, and when cold serve with cold meat.

To Renovate Leather Seats. Take the white of an egg carefully from the yolk and beat it up slightly. Wipe the seats of the chairs with a damp cloth to remove all dust, etc. Rub with a soft cloth and then apply the white of an egg as a polish. (*Reply to* GLOUCESTER VILLA.)

Oatmeal Biscuits. Seven ounces of oatmeal, five ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, one heaped teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, a pinch of salt, a little milk. Rub the butter into the mixed flour and oatmeal till it is like crumbs. Scatter the baking powder over. Beat the egg with the milk and make all the consistency of pastry. Roll out to a quarter of an inch thick, cut into squares and bake in a moderate oven for about ten minutes.

A Children's Party Cake to be Iced may be made as follows: Beat six ounces of butter to a cream and add to it six ounces of caster sugar. Then add by degrees ten ounces of sifted pastry flour in which some baking-powder is mixed. Add five eggs, one at a time. Beat the cake mixture meanwhile with a big wooden spoon. Pick half a pound of sultanas, chop four ounces of candied peel, grate the rind of a lemon, mix all with the cake. Line a tin with buttered paper, putting two rounds of it on the bottom. Pour in the cake mixture and bake for two hours in a moderate oven. When cold cut off the top till it is level, dredge with flour, and ice. (*Reply to* NURSE.)

Cutlets de Noel. Take as many cutlets as you require for a dish and trim away all the fat. Fry these lightly and place in a stew-pan, dredge thickly with browned flour. Cut in slices two or three large onions. Season highly with black pepper, and fry till a golden colour. Scatter the onions over the cutlets, and into the pan put just sufficient stock to cover the meat. Have a pint of chestnuts boiled and peeled, lay on the onions. Place a cover on the stewpan and cook the contents slowly for two hours. The onions and chestnuts will be cooked by steam, and their flavour will penetrate the cutlets. To serve take up the chestnuts and onions, pile in the centre of the hot dish, arrange the cutlets in a ring, thicken and colour the gravy and pour round. Scatter chopped capers over the chestnuts and onions, and serve very hot.

Dessert Bonbons. *Candied Walnuts* are very easy to prepare and when done will look as if coated with glass. Keep in tins in a perfectly dry place. Get some nice fresh walnuts, remove the shells, keeping the nuts perfectly whole. Take a needle and thread and pierce through the centre of each nut lengthwise. Several nuts may be placed on the same thread, if they do not touch. Make a syrup by boiling one pound of loaf sugar and half a pint of water; let it boil without stirring until a drop of the syrup will harden directly it is placed on a cold plate. Just before taking it off the fire add a pinch of cream of tartar dissolved in warm water. Now dip the nuts into the syrup for a few minutes, and afterwards hang in a cool place where they do not touch anything. If several walnuts are on one thread a deep pan will be necessary. *Chocolate Caramels.*—Take a china-lined saucepan and melt in it two pounds of brown sugar and half a pound of chocolate, broken very small. Add a gill of cold water. Boil until a little dropped into cold water hardens, then add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir all thoroughly. Pour into a greased tin and mark into squares. *Peppermint Creams.*—Beat up the white of an egg with a small teaspoonful of water, and about twenty drops of essence of peppermint, stir into it as much icing sugar as will make a stiff paste, probably the best part of a pound. Lay the paste on a board which has been dusted with icing sugar, and roll out to one-eighth of an inch thick with a rolling pin, also dusted over with fine icing sugar. Then cut into lozenges the size of a shilling. Set in a cool place to dry before storing in boxes.

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1903–4.		1903. NOV.	DECEMBER.	1904. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.
Christmas Day	*December 25.*	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24
Boxing Day	*December 26.*	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25
Good Friday	*April 1.*	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26
Easter Monday	*April 4.*	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27
Whitsun Monday	*May 22.*	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28
Bank Holiday	*August 1.*	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29
		S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 1926	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30

DO LOVERS MEET TOO OFTEN?

Some Practical Disadvantages of Assiduous Courtship.

How often should a young man meet the girl of his choice? To this question the majority of the young men and the chosen girls will reply with the utmost promptitude: "As often as he can!" And the barest hint of a suggestion that the meetings should be few and so far between as one month will be treated with some derision by the aforesaid majority.

Yet it is not such a wild and heartless proposal as it seems; for, in very many instances, this enforced separation would be recompensed by greater happiness later.

The reason for the statement that lovers meet too often is a solid one, and may be summed up in a few words. This frequent meeting entails too much expenditure of both cash and time, both of which, employed in other directions, would lead to greater happiness after marriage.

The average young man goes to see his sweetheart several times a week, spending money in travelling in order to reach her or in taking her about in order to pass the time.

It is not always convenient to stay in her parental residence, and there are so few places either in cities or villages where a young couple can rest and chat quietly at small expense.

It is generally necessary to spend a large proportion of his surplus cash in taking the young lady here or there and entertaining her. And on those days when he is not permitted to catch a glimpse of her charming countenance, he devotes much time to writing a long letter to her.

This is not wise expenditure. Lovers are enthusiastic creatures, seeing everything through rose-coloured spectacles, so they often become engaged before the prospective bridegroom has attained a position that will warrant marriage, and he lives in hopes that this desideratum will be fulfilled in the natural course of things in due time.

As a rule, disappointment awaits him; the struggle is very keen, and a position is attained only as a result of hard work and the display of considerable ability.

To obtain this ability, unless he be one of Nature's few favourites, he must devote much time to the acquisition of knowledge, which is only another name for ability. Instead of devoting his time to this end, he spends it with his adored one and so decreases his chances of securing the position.

We are not here dealing with the love-lorn swain whose mind is so full of his beloved that he dreams at his work, makes mistakes, and earns for himself the reputation of a dullard; we are concerned with the ordinary, level-headed young fellow, who is allowing the tender passion to absorb him just sufficiently to cripple his prospects, without entirely spoiling them.

So much for his time; now for his cash.

You cannot take a young lady about two or three times a week without considerable expense, and money spent is, naturally, so much less saved.

The result is that marriage has often to be delayed because there is not enough in the bank to purchase a fitting home—or it may be that an ill-furnished home has to do for the start, or a loan may be negotiated to make up the deficiency.

In any of these three cases, the start is a bad one, and does not tend to make things smooth during the first portion of the married career.

Take the case of a young fellow whose courtship has been of this nature, and watch him after marriage. It is not a very poetical comparison, perhaps, but it is a good one to liken matrimony to business.

Everyone knows that a tradesman who opens a shop, and has no cash in the bank after having purchased the necessary stock, is hampered by want of capital. It is almost certain that a crisis will occur when he will feel the lack of money, and he may have to dispose of stock at a low value in order to obtain "accommodation."

Well, the newly-married couple are in a somewhat similar position. They have purchased their home, they are both in good health, and the husband has a situation which promises to be permanent; all that is their stock-in-trade, but they have no cash at the bank.

As time goes on, the young husband sees that he will have to increase his income or alter his mode of living, modest as it already is. He is anxious to improve his position, but the knowledge which would help him has not been acquired. The time was spent otherwise!

If he desires to acquire that knowledge now, he must relinquish the society of his wife and his social ties to a large extent, and go in for study of some kind.

A little later, troubles arise.

He may find himself out of a situation, or it may be that a serious illness overtakes one of the family.

A small amount of actual cash is a perfect godsend in such circumstances, but he has nothing put by. His income is not large enough for him to save much, and he has had to spend a good deal on his home. How welcome would be the money spent in the transient pleasure of courtship!

No one expects young people to give up courting! It would be foolish to recommend such a thing. The suggestion is that the courting should be done wisely, not too well. If such a course were adopted many of the troubles that now beset young couples would be averted

THE WEEK'S CROP.

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

A PENKNIFE has been sent to Mr. Fred C. Emerson, Cairnsmore, Eldon Grove, West Hartlepool, for being the first person to discover that in the calendar given on Home Notes Page, February of next year was last week allowed only twenty-eight days, instead of the twenty-nine to which it is entitled by reason of 1904 being a leap year. It was a bad error, and I should like to blame it on the printer, but I can't. He has proved to me that I did it myself.

"A VERY near friend of mine," writes CHINA, "works in the same firm as myself. The other day something occurred for which my friend was responsible, but I was accused of it by the foreman, and, though innocent, I may be discharged. What should I do under the circumstances?"——Surely you can deny the offence without committing your friend or anybody else to suspicion? A man should always be loyal to his friends, but to silently suffer for their offences, without protest, is merely foolish. It is just as wrong to infer a falsehood about oneself as about others.

PETER was at a reception the other night. While there he met a gentleman of position whose influence would be very useful to him in business. Should he write and mention his case to the gentleman, or would that be a breach of etiquette?——I do not think it is very good manners to follow up a casual acquaintance such as that mentioned by PETER with a request for a favour. It might be resented, where a little tact would greatly help matters. PETER's strategy in the matter should be as follows: Write to your acquaintance on some trivial matter—not too transparent—and endeavour to invite his attention. Try to meet him again in the same way as before. When you get to know each other well, you might hint at your requirements. It would be a mistake to take advantage of one chance meeting to extract favour. Those things want building up.

A FEW weeks back we published a paragraph dealing with the way in which big buildings caused gales. In connection with this, R. C. R. writes from Leith: "The principal passenger entrance to the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, is by a long flight of stairs from Princes Street, bounded on one side by the Waverley Market, a low-lying building, and on the other by the new North British Station Hotel, which towers to an enormous height above the street level. When the wind is in a westerly direction it comes sweeping along Princes Street, and is deflected by the hotel, with the result that the unsuspecting passenger, on nearing the top of the stairs, suddenly finds himself shot out into the middle of the street. So bad has this become that now, when there is a gale blowing from the west, policemen are stationed at the top of the stairs to warn and assist passengers.

SON OF TOIL has a mystery: "What becomes of drapers' counter-jumpers? Anyone who goes into a shop cannot help noticing that all the male hands are either boys or just youths. It was the same twenty years ago. What has become of the men? Have they all retired on fortunes saved up in their highly-paid calling? Or have they degenerated like one I know, who is thirty-nine, and a dock labourer?"——As a matter of fact, SON OF TOIL will find that nearly all shop assistants are young, for the very simple reason that employers require apprentices who pay premiums in preference to men to whom they must pay salaries. It speaks well for the drapery trade that so few mature men have been compelled to remain counter-jumpers. There may be a certain number of shopmen who have become, like my correspondent's friend, dock labourers, but I think the truth is that most of them have benefited by their experiences as "counter-jumpers," and are now running thriving businesses of their own. Others, too, having served their apprenticeship to a trade, and gained good experience in business, have taken other employments, and risen to good positions. If there is, however, a trade which has little wrong with it, it is retail drapery. SON OF TOIL need not be very much afraid as to the fate of the ex-counter-jumper. He is probably all right.

RESULT OF THE "DOUBLE" COMPETITION.

A PENKNIFE has been sent to each of the following:

A. A. Shaw, 27 Woodvale Road, Belfast; A. Kerr, 228 Spamount Street, Belfast; Miss E. Quayle, 83 Swallowfield Road, Charlton, S.E.; K. T. David, 60 Plymouth Road, Penarth, near Cardiff; Miss L. Garland, Woodfield Road, Braintree; H. O. Helliwell, Cramlington, Northumberland; F. Anderson, 8 Gaping Lane, Hitchin, Herts.; G. Long, 6 Prescott Street, Burnley, Lancs.; S. E. Price, Llys Helen, Waenfawr, near Carnarvon; Miss Easton, 1 Reginald Road, Westree Estate, Maidstone; P. Elkins, 1 Gordon Road, Widcombe, Bath; W. N. Greenwell, Watson's Lane, Blackpool; E. Payne, 2 Hilsea Street, Lower Clapton, N.E.; E. Bissell, 9 Woodland Terrace, Whitchurch Road, Cardiff; E. Williams, 43 Churchill Street, Belfast; T. Dutton, The Castle, Chester; E. Jones Roberts, Llys Nuredydd, Waenfawr, Carnarvon; W. Hogarth, 12 Alder Street, Seaforth, Liverpool; Miss A. Lucas, Railway Tavern, Alloa; F. Walker, 12 Holly Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne; C. W. Axson, Crossfield House, Gelert Street, Carnarvon; S. W. Arnold, 20 Rivers Street, Bath; B. C. Smythe, The Grove Farm, Hollingdon, Leighton Buzzard; S. S. Groocock, Fern Villa, Saddlebow Road, King's Lynn, Norfolk; T. Borrow, 8 Wood Street, Dover.

HERE is something smart in the way of carriage lights, though, doubtless, it is not new. The other day G. A. returning from business, saw a lad with a donkey cart, on the side of which was tied an ordinary pint whisky bottle, turned upside down. Inside it was a candle, held in place by a cork, to which it was fixed by a pin running through the bottom. The lamp was ventilated by a piece taken from the bottom of the bottle.

BOTTLEITE.—Of the exercises you mention, swimming is certainly the one to bring most muscles into play. From that point of view, it is the ideal sport, as it develops the whole frame. Next to it, probably, certain gymnastic exercises are best. Boxing, cricket, walking, rowing, and fencing, however beneficial, only develop special muscles. From the point of view of health, golf, football, and horse-riding have most to recommend them as conducive to "fitness" generally.

L. O. G. writes that the other day he attended a large "At home," to which each guest was requested to bring some article or other, the price of which was not to be less or more than one penny. All the articles were handed to the host, who afterwards submitted the collection for the approval of the party. They passed judgment on the respective merits or demerits of the purchase. L. O. G.'s contribution was a copy of *P.W.*, and all the guests were unanimous in declaring that he had indeed got value for his penny, and he was awarded the first prize.

THE best kind of political cartoon, R. P., is that in which all the idea is expressed by one, or at least two figures. As a rule, the public cannot be bothered to understand the meaning of a cartoon in which there are half a dozen unfamiliar people. The cartoons which are regarded as "classical" have generally represented one political personage in some suggestive character. When Bismarck was dismissed by the German Emperor, PUNCH represented him as the pilot, being "dropped" from his ship. That is an idea which will be understood for the rest of history, where a complicated cartoon might be meaningless in a year's time.

A PENKNIFE is offered to each of the twenty-five readers who sends in what I consider to be the longest and best sentence in which the first word contains one letter, the second two letters, the third three, and so on. The following sentence, containing eleven words, is an example of what is required: "I do not like those stupid workmen spoiling expensive walnutwood decorations." All sentences must be written on post-cards, which should be addressed to THE INCREASING EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and posted so as to arrive not later than by first post on Wednesday, December 9th. A further five penknives will be reserved for readers residing outside the limits of the British Isles, whose attempts must arrive not later than March 9th, 1904. It is hoped that all competitors will write their attempts on picture post-cards, which, after the prizes have been awarded, will be sent to the inmates of children's hospitals.

"DOES smoking really make for amiability?" asks MAGGIE, who finds her lover does not talk much when he is smoking.——I think the man with a cigarette or a pipe does not as a rule talk so much. A smoke is generally regarded as a good substitute for conversation, and sometimes for company altogether. Probably the cigarette man is more genial than he of the big, curly, malignant pipe. Some men, when they have got that kind of pipe in their mouths, give you the idea that they don't care a rap if the universe is burnt up. As for taking it out—except for purposes of refilling—and loosening their jaws to talk to you, they would as soon break crockery. Their teeth close down on that pipe, and they are about as genial as the bear with the sore head. I am not saying anything against the pipe, but it is my opinion that a naturally unamiable man loses even what geniality he possesses when he smokes one. With a naturally agreeable man, however, the geniality is more likely to increase under the soothing influence of smoke.

FADDIST says: "When eating apples and pears and other fruit, ought the peel to be removed?"——It is best, perhaps, to take this precaution, just in the same way as self-respecting people never touch either water or milk that has not been boiled. Fruit skins, we are told, carry germs. They are not intended for human sustenance any more than potato-peel or pea-pods. The bloom of the peach is merely a luxuriant growth of microbes, that of the grape only less so, and when these skins are taken into the stomach they find more favourable conditions for their rapid and lively development, which cause the decay of the fruit before it is possible to digest it. For this reason many people think they cannot eat raw fruit. Nature provides a skin as a protection for the fruit against the multitude of germs which are ever ready to attack it. In fact, it seems to act like a nicotine absorber in a patent pipe, which saves up the poison, and one day, when you are not expecting it, empties it all into your mouth and upsets you. Most people never peel apples or pears, though. It is impossible to avoid microbes in this world.

CITY CLERK is suffering from a disease corresponding with housemaids' knee. Everyone who has work to do at a desk knows what it is to have shiny elbows. Is it possible to raise the nap on the cloth again?——First of all, the sleeve must be soaked for half an hour in cold water. Then lay on a board and rub the threadbare parts with a half-worn hatter's card, filled with a prickly thistle, until a nap is raised. Hang up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way. In the trade the nap on cloth is always raised by means of those prickly heads of the teasel now so common in many parts of England. No mechanical contrivance has yet been found to equal teasels for this purpose. The heads are cut off when the plant is in flower, and fixed on the circumference of a wheel or cylinder, which is made to revolve against the surface of the cloth. In France, 6,000 acres are devoted exclusively to the production of this thistle. French manufacturers use teasels to the value of £300,000, and export £500,000 worth, or some 60,000 tons of the prickly heads.

COASTGUARD ON THE WATCH.

IN connection with Mr. P. Doubleyou's smuggling exploit, a very amusing incident occurred at the coastguard station at Amble, Northumberland. The Coastguard Watch House is situated on the inner side of a cliff which juts out into the sea for a considerable distance, and makes it possible for a boat to come in under the cliff without being seen by the coastguard, although anyone landing could not get off the beach without passing the watch house. About 4.40 p.m. on Friday, November 20th, the watchman observed two gentlemen coming up from the beach, one of them carrying a brown bag. The watchman immediately called the chief officer, who went to meet these two supposed journalistic smugglers (but at the same time wondering why they were a week ahead), and addressed them with, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I should like to know where you have come from, and to have a look at that brown bag." After a minute examination, the exterior of the bag was found to be marked with a crown and the initials "E. R.," which is the badge of the Imperial Customs. The supposed smuggler then said: "Well, now you have had a look at my bag, I should like an explanation of this business." So he was shown a copy of *P.W.*, whereupon he laughed heartily, and said: "I will now introduce myself. I am the Surveyor-General of H.M. Customs." Tableau!

£1,000 INSURANCE.

484 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature .....

Available from 6 p.m., Thursday, December 3rd, 1903, until midnight, Friday December 11th, 1903.

Printed by Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SIGN THE COUPON AT THE FOOT OF THE THIRD COLUMN.

SPARKLA

the most effective, convenient, and cheapest article for scouring, cleaning, and polishing purposes.

MAKES TIN LIKE SILVER, COPPER LIKE GOLD

SPARKLA

cleans and brightens Copper, Tin, Pewter, Brass, and all metal wares. For washing dishes, kitchen utensils and for all general household cleanings. Removes rust, stains, tarnish. Cleans gas and cooking stoves, machinery, bicycles, dairy utensils. For the house, shop, or factory. Sold by all Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c. One Penny per Tablet.

Gigantic Prize Scheme

120,419 PRIZES—VALUE £25,969.

Cash prizes up to £100 each. Great numbers of Watches, Cycles, Sewing Machines, Timepieces, Dress Lengths, and thousands of other costly and useful articles.

Collect the Wrappers of "SPARKLA" and send them to the address below.

Wrappers of Watson's Matchless Cleanser and Watson's Nubolic Soap may also be used by competitors.

Full particulars with each tablet of any of the three Soaps. Every competitor in our last Prize Scheme received a Prize.

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd., Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds.

The 5 MINUTES PAIN CURE FREE

THE WIFE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF writes: "Countess Roberts will thank the Lineel Co. to send her another bottle of Lineel Liniment, which is most excellent. She encloses 2/9."

LINEEL LINIMENT

Cures RHEUMATISM	in 5 minutes.	Cures EARACHE	in 5 minutes.
Cures NEURALGIA	in 5 minutes.	Cures TIC	in 5 minutes.
Cures LUMBAGO	in 5 minutes.	Cures SPRAINS	in 5 minutes.
Cures SCIATICA	in 5 minutes.	Cures BRUISES	in 5 minutes.
Cures GOUT	in 5 minutes.	Cures CRAMP	in 5 minutes.
Cures HEADACHE	in 5 minutes.	Cures STIFFNESS	in 5 minutes.
Cures FACEACHE	in 5 minutes.	Cures ALL NEUROTIC	
Cures TOOTHACHE	in 5 minutes.	And MUSCULAR PAINS	in 5 minutes

Cures COLDS and COUGHS in three or four applications to throat and chest.

LINEEL LINIMENT

Nearly 200,000 Free Bottles of LINEEL LINIMENT have been sent out within the last month, in response to as many letters, which can be seen at the Company's Offices. And in no single instance that has come to our knowledge has it been known to fail in absolutely curing pain in five minutes.

YOU ARE NOT ASKED TO BUY

Simply send a penny stamp for postage, mentioning this paper, and a Free Bottle will be sent by return post. Every day we receive extraordinary and grateful letters, testifying to the efficacy of LINEEL LINIMENT in curing pain. It would cost a lot of money to publish all these, and it is much more convincing and satisfactory to send you a free bottle, so that you may test it yourself.

Sold at all Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, and by all Chemists, &c., at 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle.

LINEEL PILLS Are the best remedy known to Medical Science for INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, and BAD COMPLEXION.

Sold at all Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, and by all Chemists, &c., at 1/1½ and 2/9 per box.

WRITE FOR MEDICAL LEAFLET.

The LINEEL CO., LD., 16, Bevis Marks, London, E.C.

SULPHOLINE LOTION, SHILLING BOTTLES. *For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.*

MOUSTACHE

A Beautiful MOUSTACHE grows in a few days when using Dalmet's Pomatum. Tried, approved ; recommended to all. Send 6d. in stamps for a box to Mr. S. DALMET, 43 Gray's Inn Road, London.

CHARMING XMAS GIFTS

CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. No knowledge of Music required.

SPECIAL OFFER to the Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon	Price only	[illegible]
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon	"	[illegible]
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon	"	14/-
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon	"	[illegible]

Cut this out and send P.O.O. for the amount. Either sent carriage paid in Great Britain & Ireland.

300,000 TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL CLASSES. All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's 1903 Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments and Talking Machines from 10/- each, also 10,000 Best London Made Records, 1/- each, Columbia 1/3. Send 1d. stamp to CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Trongate, GLASGOW. Established 50 years.

N.B.—Beware of Worthless Imitations.

SONGS COPIED. Legible as print, [illegible] 6d. page. Mrs. CONYERS, [illegible], Devon. Recommended by the [illegible] of Waterford, Lady Arthur Hill, Miss [illegible], etc.

PHONOGRAPH BARGAINS

TEN NEW SERIES SELECTED RECORDS (consisting of Edison-Bell, Columbia, and Pathé), and this superb up-to-date PHONOGRAPH (equal to the best machine made) for only 10/-. The greatest value ever offered. Largest assortment of Phonographs & Records in the Kingdom. *A few Good Agents wanted. Send for Catalogue.* MEAD & Co., Dept. P.Q. LIVERPOOL.

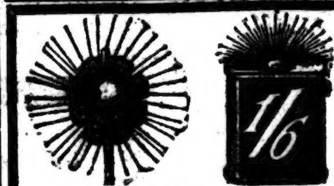
5,000 TEST BOXES FREE TO ALL WHO APPLY.

If you have RHEUMATISM, GOUT, Lumbago, Sciatica, when drugs and doctors fail to cure you, try GLORIA TONIC. A TEST BOX and a most elaborately illustrated booklet on Rheumatism and Gout, from actual life, with 100 recent cures, Posted Free to any address in Great Britain or her possessions. No matter what your form of Rheumatism is GLORIA TONIC should cure it. Do not mind if other remedies have failed to cure you, nor mind if doctors say you are incurable; try it without fail. More than 100,000 people have endorsed it. It's the remedy for the decrepit, for the so-called incurable cases. Address, JOHN A. SMITH, 1005 Montague House, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

Rheumatic and Gouty Foot.

WOMAN'S UNFAILING FRIEND. TOWLE'S PILLS.

Sold by all Chemists throughout the World in Boxes, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6, or sent anywhere on receipt of 15, 34, or 55 stamps, by E. T. TOWLE & CO., 66 Long Row, Nottingham. *Beware of Imitations, Injurious and Worthless.*



ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP, 3½in. high. Gives 5,000 Flashes. Will light your way indoors or out. No matches required, press knob and it lights up brilliantly. Post free 1/8 ; Refill Battery, 1/-.

ELECTRIC SCARF PIN (full length and pointed), 2/6 Post Free. Most surprising to your friends, when all at once you light up your tie.

MAGIC LANTERN and Electric Pocket Lamp combined, 3/6 Post Free. Illustrated Catalogues Post Free.

PAIN BROS., 12, Presents House, HASTINGS.

Why drink Wine.

OLD BUSHMILLS MALT

Pure, Safe, Wholesome.

Free Sample of this Whisky from Grocer or Wine Merchant.

The "Old Bushmills" Distillery Co. Ltd.
London Offices: 20 Mark Lane, E.C.

IRON-OX

TINY TONIC

TABLETS

In nine cases out of ten backache is caused by congested kidneys or some disturbance of the digestive functions. For this there is no better remedy than IRON-OX TABLETS. The cleansing and invigorating effect of this mild, pleasant, but perfectly effective laxative upon the digestive organs, is wonderful. A course of IRON-OX TABLETS speedily restores them to healthy activity and removes the backache, constipation, lumbago, and other troubles arising from their sluggish and disordered condition. Take IRON-OX TABLETS and all your digestive functions will be quickened and strengthened, your energy will increase, your appetite will improve, your sleep will become sounder. Low spirits, that sick feeling, biliousness, indigestion, headache and fluttering of the heart are soon cured by a course of IRON-OX TABLETS.

Backache Speedily Removed

Dainty Aluminium Waistcoat-Pocket Packet of 50 tiny Tablets for 1/-. If your Chemist has not got them, they will be sent, post free for One Shilling by THE IRON-OX REMEDY CO. LTD., 20 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

ALFOSCO REGD.

Allen Foster & Co.

47 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

BUY DIRECT AT FIRST COST FROM THE LEADING FIRM OF LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

DESIGN No. 475. 14/6.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO. are offering the public a very great bargain in this Costume. The Coat is exceedingly stylish in design, made with basque and lined throughout. Collarless style with shoulder cape and stole ends. It has a pouch front which may be worn open or closed, and fastens with cord and metal buttons. It is trimmed with pretty fancy trimming. Skirt is carefully made and has inverted pleats. Made in all the shades of ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'s new Zibeline Cloth, Specialite Serge, and Venetian Cloth. Price only 14/6; carriage 6d. Can be also ordered in the Arundel Tweed. Colours—Grey, Blue-Grey, Navy, Brown, Cardinal. Price 17/6 ; carriage 6d. extra.

4/6

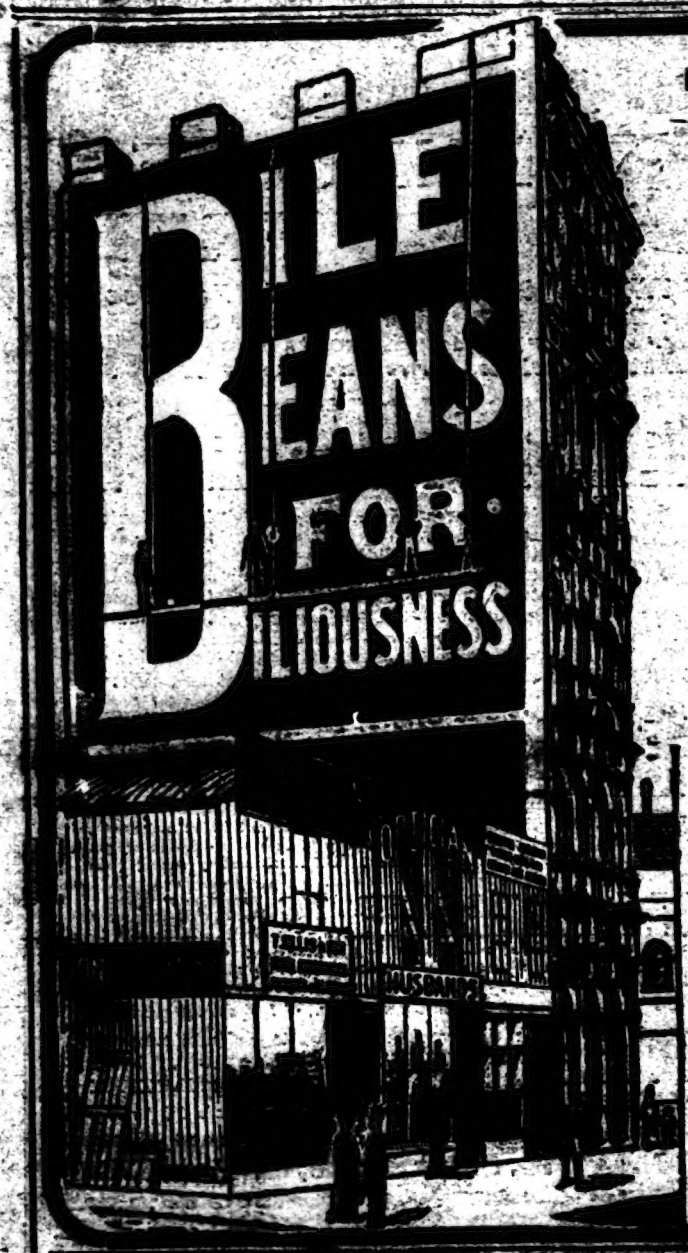
DESIGN No. 1416. Stylish Paletot for Children, with shoulder cape and stole ends, bell sleeves, trimmed fancy buttons and galon trimming. Very stylish design. Stocked in all sizes (patterns free). Colours—Blue, Reseda, Fawn, Grey, Brown, Black, & Red. Lengths—21, 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39in. Prices—4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, 8/6, 9/6, 10/6. Any size sent carriage paid, 5d. extra.

DESIGN No. 1019. 4/11. Costume Skirt in good wearing Black and Navy Serge, trimmed two flounces and braid, lined throughout linenette. Price only 4/11; carriage 5d. In ordering give length of Skirt in front and size of waist.

Design No. 475. 14/6

VALUE FOR MONEY.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London Manufacturers, 47 GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, E.C.



THE GREAT 'AD

OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPECIFIC

The accompanying sketch depicts a huge advertisement of the Bile Bean Manufac Company in Australia. The largest letter—the now world-famous "B" stands forty f height, and compared with it the men of average height on the scaffolding appear to b pigmies. Bile Beans' most telling advertisement, however, is to be found inside the ho the people, where the great army who have benefited by them sing their praises and mend them to others who suffer as they once did. The fame of Bile Beans has so far s and the manufacture of them so greatly increased, that the making and purveying o Beans for Biliousness is now one of the largest medicinal enterprises in the world. gigantic sign is the wonder of the advertising world. Bile Beans are a wonder of the me world.

HOW BILE BEANS CURE INDIGESTION.

Many people fondly believe that if they can only get a change of air they will cease to suffer from indigestion, liver complaint, biliousness, or some similar ailment which may be troubling them. In this way vast sums of money are wasted every year in stays at the seaside or in the country. "I often went away for a change of air," says Mrs. Brown, of Park View, Levan, but derived very little good from it, and in a few days I would have indigestion just as bad again. After any food I had most violent pains, accompanied with headache, sickness, and feelings of weakness. In the end I grew so debilitated that I could not do my house-work. Sometimes I felt quite hungry, but I actually dare not eat because of the pain it occasioned me afterwards. Various doctors were consulted, and I took their prescriptions, but the relief I obtained was very meagre and only temporary.

"At last I decided to give Bile Beans a trial. Soon after beginning with them I felt I was improving, so I persevered. The relief I gained was marvellous, and after a short course I found myself quite restored to health. I can now eat any kind of food with relish, and I am never more pleased than when I am recommending to other sufferers the medicine which cured me."

HOW BILE BEANS CURE ANÆM

Miss Ellen Cook, of Inwood's Cottages, Woburn Sand acutely from anæmia, and as she has been cured complet Beans for Biliousness, her case has been investigated by th shire Express. Here is her story: "Anæmia robbed me of first, then of my strength. I had to give up my situation, ness increased, and I could not work. I was told that I from upset stomach and chronic indigestion. In the en utterly prostrated, and had to remain lying down and per the consequence I set out to reach a place five minutes' wal I was so very weak that I swooned before I got there. E ing made me exhausted and faint. For six weeks I lived

"Several times I went in for different medicines, but bring about a cure were perfectly futile until I tried Bil Biliousness. My father strongly advised me to give them a consented.

"I had not been taking them long before my appetite im the food was digested without giving me any trouble such as have. Thanks entirely to Bile Beans for Biliousness, I am now th recovered. The anæmia, palpitation, ulcerated stomach, and indigestion are complete strangers to me, and I never expe 'fagged' feeling I used to do. Only the other day I walked te and neither then nor since have I experienced the least disco sign of weariness."

BILE BEANS do not merely purge, giving temporary relief only, like old-fashioned so-called remedies of forty or fifty years ago. They act directly on the liver and digestive organs, strengthening and stimu lat ng those organs to perform their natural duties. They produce a gentle action on the bowels, curing or preventing constipation, cleansing the stomach, and ridding the system of all impurities. Do not be misled by claims of half a hundred pills in the box, where probably four to six constitute a dose, and the doses cannot be discontinued. ONE BILE BEAN IS ONE DOSE. They can be discontinued after the cure is effected; they are purely vegetable; they contain no harmful drugs; and they are THE SAFEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

Bile Beans for Biliousness pr and permanently cure Headach stipation, Colds, Liver Chill, I sa, Piles, Liver Troubles, Breath, Ind'gestion, Flatulence, of Appetite, Dizziness, Buzzing the Head, Sleeplessness, D Anæmia, &c. Of all Medicine Ve throughout the world.

THE MEDICINE FOR THE MILLION.

10,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

OFFERED THIS WEEK (10/12/1903).

Sale Price, 2/6 Postage, 6d. extra. IN BLACK OR NAVY. FREE GIFTS. Sizes: 32", 36", &c.

F. HODGSON & SONS, City of Leeds, will forward, carriage paid, on the following conditions, namely, on receipt of postal order for 2/6, with postage (6d. extra), a Ladies' Beautiful Tailor-made Cloth Serge Dress Skirt, smartly trimmed with mercerised sateenette strappings and good linenette pocket (as illustration). We shall include free with each Skirt a Pretty Open-hemmed Lawn Handkerchief. Money willingly returned if not approved. Sale Catalogues of Carpets, Hearth-rugs, Skirts, Curtains, &c., post free.

Testimonial: Oakley Manor, Malmesbury, 12/5/1903.—LADY WALKINSHEN writes: "Received the Skirt, with which she was greatly pleased, and hopes to order more soon."

Address: F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers and Merchants, Woodsley Road, Leeds.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY (10/12/1903) only. On receipt of Postal Order for 5/- or 63 stamps, we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address, one of our 10/6 genuine

SEAMLESS WOVEN, REVERSIBLE CARPETS,

suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bed-room, &c., handsomely bordered and woven in 20 different patterns, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. These Carpets will be sold as an Advertisement for our goods, *Below the Actual Cost of Production.* They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a specialty of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchasers all middle profits.

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for 9/6.

Money Willingly Returned if not approved.

Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials received.

Galaxy Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., post free, if mentioning PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 10/12/1903, while writing.

Cheques and P.O.'s payable to:

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants.
WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments

In Boxes 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

THE 1s. 1½d. BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

The Sale is Now Six Million Boxes Yearly.

Prepared only by the Proprietor—

THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

THE BOYS' LEADER 1d. WEEKLY.

"The Paper a boy can take home."

26 [illegible]

THE DAILY EXPRESS. Halfpenny Morning Paper.

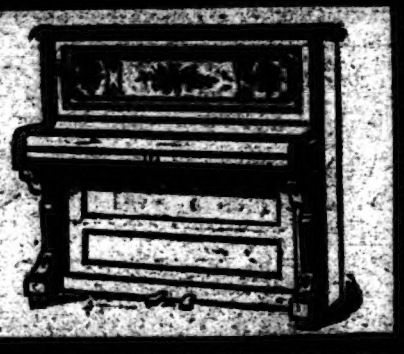
WARM FEET.

The greatest comfort and luxury of modern life magnetic fire under your feet; the greatest life protector known; your feet keep warm and healthy even if standing in water, snow, and ice. Prevents Rheumatism, aches and pains in the feet and limbs, chilblains, cramp, sore and tender feet, and promotes pleasant, agreeable feeling of life and vigour. Send for our new book and circulars, free. Dominion Novelty Co. (Dept. B), Southampton.

Your old Piano

We will exchange it free!
We will give you full value for the old instrument, and
We will deliver a New Piano free at your door.

This, for **10/6** monthly, is the "MARVEL" Piano.



We stock Pianos of ALL MAKERS.

Any instrument sent carriage paid for one instalment.

Catalogues free. Mention Paper.

THE LARGEST PIANO AND ORGAN FIRM IN THE WORLD

CRANE & SONS, Ltd.,

Scotland Road, LIVERPOOL.

149, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.
52 and 54, New City Road, GLASGOW.
40, Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN.
308 and 310, Deansgate, MANCHESTER.
Corporation Street, BIRMINGHAM.
46, High Street, BELFAST.
188, Deansgate, BOLTON.
Library Street, WIGAN.
161, Lancaster Road, PRESTON.
Crane's Buildings, WREXHAM.
7, Church Street, ST. HELENS.
48, Brighton Street, BRACOMBE.
68, Mandsley Lane, LEEDS.
340, Westgate Road, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Exchange Buildings, Piccadilly, HANLEY.

AGENTS WANTED where not Represented.